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All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

Mr. C. J. Dennis, the Australian poet, whose unique and delightful series of poems, "The Sentimental Bloke," sold nearly sixty thousand copies within the first year of its appearance (1915–16), has written a new poem, or series of poems, called "The Glugs of Gosh," which will be published next month by Messrs. Angus and Robertson, of Sydney, and in this country by the Oxford University Press. The September Bookman will contain a special illustrated article on "C. J. Dennis and His Poems," by William Canton. The September Number will also contain an article on some new Burns discoveries, entitled "Burns and Stothard," by Davidson Cook; "Wilkes," by Lewis Melville; "Mrs. C. L. Antrobus," by S. M. Ellis, etc.

Messrs. Dent have published a new edition of Joseph Conrad's great romance, "Lord Jim," with a special preface by the author in which Mr. Conrad tells how the story came to be written, vindicates it against certain criticisms and confesses that if it isn't the book of his own that he likes best this is only because, "as a matter of principle," he has no favourites.

Mr. Heinemann is publishing this autumn two new books by John Galsworthy—"Beyond," a novel, and "Five Tales," a collection of short stories. He has also in the press "The Chronicles of St. Tyd," a new novel by Eden Phillpotts; and "That Which Hath Wings," by Richard Dehan—a sequel to "The Dop Doctor," which takes its title from the fact that the Doctor's son, who is its hero, is on service in the war as an airman.

Mr. Austin Dobson has written and compiled "the disconnected and possibly contradictory commonplace book of a journeyman of letters," and under the title of "A Bookman's Budget" it will be published shortly by the Oxford Press.

Mr. Dan Rider has compiled and edited an excellent anthology of "The Wit and Wisdom of Lloyd George" (1s. net. Grant Richards). Few great speakers lend themselves so well to such an arrangement. In a series of sections Mr. Rider has gathered together the wisest, wittiest, most poignant, eloquent things the Premier has uttered on such subjects as "Wealth and Poverty," "Land and Landlords," "The Lords and Democracy,"

XUM

Lieut. Alec Waugh.

"The Great War and New Britain." In one section, "War Songs," parts of some of the speeches are presented in the form of free verse, a form into which they fall naturally and effectively. Here are the best and most pungent of the many good things Mr. Lloyd George has spoken, and they make a book that is both timely and of permanent interest.

Messrs. John Long are publishing, at 1s. net, "The Blast," the Magazine of the 3rd Battalion of the New Zealand Rifle Brigade. It is edited by Captain S. J. E. Closey and consists of letterpress and numerous illustrations by himself and other commissioned and non-commissioned Officers.

Four new novels that Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have in preparation are "Calvary Alley," a delightfully characteristic story by Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice; "Maud and Bill," by Booth Tarkington; "In Another Girl's Shoes," by Berta Ruck; and "Fossie for Short," by Harold Brighouse. One quality that these four books have in common is the note of humour, yet they are as unlike each other in their humour as they are in everything else.

Mr. Alec Waugh, whose first novel, "The Loom of Youth," Mr. Grant Richards is publishing this month, is the son of Mr. Arthur Waugh, the well-known critic and essayist, and managing director of Messrs. Chapman and Hall. It is a story of public school life and since writing it Mr. Alec Waugh, who has just completed his nineteenth year, has gone from school into the Army. He is a 2nd Lieutenant in the Dorset Regiment, attached to the Machine Gun Corps. He was educated at Fernden School, Haslemere, and at Sherborne School, where he was in the first eleven at cricket and the first fourteen at football. In 1915 he won the English Verse Prize, which his father had done at the same school just thirty years before. He went from Sherborne to Sandhurst, where he was a cadet sergeant. He has contributed poems to the *Daily Chronicle*, *The Poetry Review*, *Country Life*, and has been among the prize-winners in THE BOOKMAN Lyric Competitions.

Mrs. Dorothea Conyers, the well-known Irish novelist, was recently married to Captain John White, of Nantenan, Co. Limerick. Her first husband, Colonel Conyers, of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, was fatally wounded in the Somme advance last year, and died of his wounds in France. Her son, Captain Graham Conyers, of the Royal Field Artillery, was wounded about the same time. "The Strayings of Sandy," perhaps her most popular novel, is going into its fifteenth edition. Messrs. Hutchinson have just published her latest book, "The Trading of Gannymede Bun."

Mr. James C. Welsh,
whose striking volume, "Songs of a Miner," was published last month by Mr. Herbert Jenkins.

Lieut. Reginald Arkell.

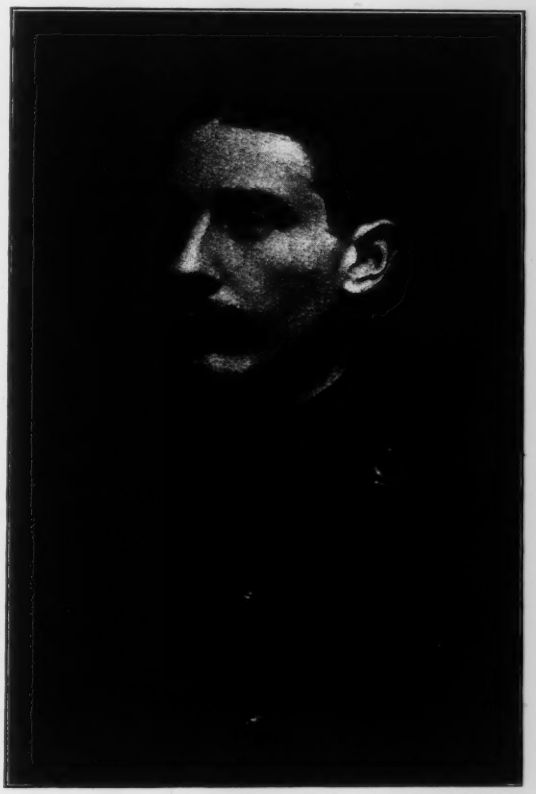
Mr. Reginald Arkell, whose book of quaintly humorous war-verse, "All the Rumours," was published recently by Messrs. Duckworth, is now a Lieutenant in the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry and on active service. "All the Rumours," which is illustrated by Alfred Leete, has had a considerable success here and in America. Lieutenant Arkell, who until he joined up was on the staff of *London Opinion*, has one other book to his name, the charming and bizarre "Columbine: A Fantasy, and Other Verses," which was published in 1912 and reissued a year or two later in a new edition.

Major G. H. Putnam, the distinguished American publisher, whose recent address on "Shakespeare and America" we published last month, has been one of the staunchest supporters of the Allies' cause in the United States ever since the war began. In an appendix to his "Memoirs of a Publisher," he has printed the striking series of letters he contributed to the American press on Germany and her war aims, which brought him no little abuse from the gentle German-American, one of whom denounced him as "a withered, English-feeling blockhead," and wrote, "the hand of a rascal like yourself, which could dare to bring into print words so unworthy of the great German people, should rot off." Which is very typical of that great people as we have come to know them.

A new novel by Mrs. Florence L. Barclay, "The White Ladies of Worcester," will be published next month by Messrs. Putnam.

The many friends of Corporal J. G. Wilson, of Messrs. Jones and Evans (one of the legion of booksellers now on active service in France) will be glad to have good news of him. He writes to Messrs. Putnam's London Manager, Mr. G. H. Grubb, in the best of spirits, but less of the war than of the beauty that summer has brought back to France—the sight of which reminds him that "three years ago to-day I was walking in Normandy" and fills him with a resolve to repeat that tour when peace has come again.

"The Odd Volume" for 1917, which Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall are publishing immediately, has a largely topical interest, and is a lively miscellany of humour, with an occasional touch of sentiment in some of its fiction. It contains about fifty drawings in colour and black-and-white by such popular artists as John Hassall, Lawson Wood, Alfred Leete, G. L. Stampa, George Moreland, Wilmot Lunt, C. E. Brock, W. Heath Robinson, H. M. Bateman, Starr Wood, Charles Harrison, Mabel Lucy Attwell,



Capt. Hugh B. C. Pollard,
whose new book, "The Book of the Pistol and Revolver" (McBride, Nash & Co.), is much in demand.

J. A. Shepherd, Sergeant Noel Irving, Harry Rountree, and G. E. Studdy, and its literary contributors include Pett Ridge, Charles Garvice, Keble Howard, W. L. George, Edwin Pugh, Ward Muir, Harold Begbie, Holbrook Jackson, Sidney H. Webb, Shan Bullock, George Goodchild, Coulson Kernahan, Douglas Newton, Bart Kennedy, Lance-Corporal Cobber, Silas K. Hocking, F. R. Coulson, and A. St. John Adcock, editor of the Annual, which is issued in aid of the funds of the Book Trade Provident Society.

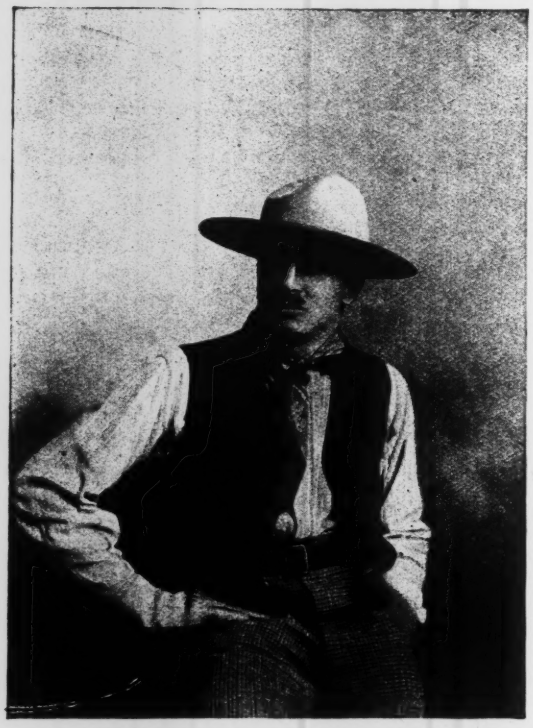
Mrs. Pennell writes concerning our review of her book, "The Lovers" (Heinemann):

"SIR,—It is because J. P. C.'s review of my book, 'The Lovers,' in the June BOOKMAN, is so more than kind and so full of sympathy, that I would like to say a word in explanation. The letters, he writes, half persuade one that I have 'simply been editing a packet of actual correspondence.' But I can make no claim even to editorship. I have published just as they were, save for the omission of a too intimate paragraph here and there, the actual letters of the hero of my tale and, to me, their value is their genuineness. The story is true from beginning to end.

"I am, Sir,

"Yours truly,

"ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL."



Mr. Christopher Culley,
whose novel, "Naomi or the Mountains" (Cassell), is reviewed in this Number.

"Umpteen Yarns," a collection of humorous stories and anecdotes of the war, written or compiled by Lieutenant George Goodchild, R.G.A., is to be published immediately by Messrs. Jarrold. Mr. Goodchild was wounded and gassed in the recent Big Push on the Western Front, but is making satisfactory progress towards recovery.

WAR BOOKS.

"War-Time Speeches." By Lieutenant-General the Rt. Hon. J. C. Smuts. 1s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.) A collection of the striking speeches recently made in this country by General Smuts dealing with the British Empire, its war aims and the future government of the world. They are some of the most suggestive and forceful utterances on these matters that have been made by any of our public men, and should be studied by all who are interested in the ideals for which we are fighting.

"The Rebirth of Russia." By Isaac F. Marcosson. 3s. 6d. net. (John Lane.) Much the fullest and best story we have had of the Russian Revolution. Mr. Marcosson was in Petrograd during the great upheaval and came into intimate personal contact with the men who led the whirlwind and are directing the storm. He gives tabloid biographies and brilliant little character studies of the chiefs among these. Kerensky is the great outstanding figure, and Mr. Marcosson not only makes you realise the amazing personal magnetism of the man, but wins your affection and admiration for the strength, simplicity and utter sincerity of his character. Perhaps next to Kerensky towers the massive figure of Rodzianko, who in the critical early days "became the Rock of Revolution," and reading on one grudges to see how in the tumultuous changes of its later phases this fearless democratic giant has rather drifted into the background. The whole thing is more fascinating than any romance; it tells you realistically just the details you want to know about the Revolution and the people who are making it. It is a book of the highest interest and value

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"The Twilight of the Hohenzollerns," with twelve illustrations by Glyn Philpot. 5s. net. (Cecil Palmer & Hayward.) A curiously interesting book, this world tragedy gives "The Niblung's Ring" an up-to-date application and finds in it "a subconscious prophecy of Germany's downfall." The book is a large quarto in size, and the twelve full-page drawings sombrely and powerfully emphasise the symbolism of the text.

"Nelson's Last Diary." With an Introduction and Notes by Gilbert Hudson. 2s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.) This is the Private Journal, now published for the first time, that was kept by Nelson from the time of his leaving Merton, in September, 1805, until the morning of his death at Trafalgar little more than a month later. He wrote in this diary a codicil to his will; it was brought home to England by Captain Hardy, and since his will and codicils were proved has remained on the file of the Probate Registry at Somerset House. Two leaves have been torn out and stolen by some unknown vandal, otherwise we have here the day to day jottings Nelson made on his last voyage and in the first hours of his last fight. It adds nothing to his story, but has the value and interest that must needs attach to such a unique human document.

"A Message from Mesopotamia." By the Hon. Sir Arthur Lawley. 2s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.) With the terrible Report of the Mesopotamia Committee still overshadowing us, one finds profound satisfaction and relief in reading such a book as this. By extracts from the diaries of officers who went through the early phases of the campaign, Sir Arthur reveals something of the disastrous inadequacy of the old arrangements; then, narrating the journey he made "to see so far as I could what provision existed for the proper care of the sick and wounded in the Tigris Valley," he shows how the old evils of incompetence and mismanagement have been completely overcome and a brilliantly efficient organisation established where chaos reigned before. He pays a high and deserved tribute to the great work that has been done by the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John in the rescue and relief of the sick and wounded during the Mesopotamian Campaign. This record helps us to regain the national self-respect that the Parliamentary Committee's report justly took away from us. All the author's profits from the book are to be given to the Prisoners of War Fund.

"What Germany is Fighting For." By Sir Charles Waldstein. 1s. 6d. net. (Longmans.) A clear and shrewd analysis of Germany's war aims and the extent to which the German people, no less than the Kaiser and his military and bureaucratic supporters, are responsible for them and for the barbaric methods of warfare the Huns have adopted. Sir Charles writes from an intimate knowledge of German character and a personal acquaintance with many of Germany's leaders, and concludes that they can never co-operate with the rest of Europe for peace and the advancement of mankind until they substitute the ideal of the Gentleman for that of the Superman.

"Happy Though Wounded." The Book of the 3rd London General Hospital. 2s. 6d. net. (Country Life, Ltd.) In two interesting Forewords, the literary and art editors of this volume, Lance-Corporal Ward Muir and Sergeant Noel Irving, tell us all about the founding and career of the Hospital's monthly *Gazette*, from which this delightful budget of stories, articles, poems and pictures has been selected; they have also interesting things to relate of some of the contributors. Briefly, the contributors are the wounded themselves, their nurses and members of the medical staff, and the literary and pictorial contents give a vivid account, serious and humorous, of hospital life as it really is. There are some well-known names among the artists and authors, because there happen to be some well-known men among the patients and staff of the Hospital and, what is more to the point, the whole book makes a miscellany of the liveliest and most entertaining reading, lavishly and cleverly illustrated in moods that range from the poignantly realistic to the irresponsibly humorous. It is well worth buying for its own sake, apart from the fact that all profits from it will go to increase the Benevolent Fund of the 3rd London General Hospital.

Corporal Ward Muir.
From a drawing by Private J. H. Dowd.

"Home Truths About the War." By the Rev. Hugh B. Chapman. 2s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin.) Brings home to us, seriously at times and at times with a whimsical humour, the radical changes the war has introduced into our national life and many of the anomalies that still prevail in our midst. The Chaplain of the Savoy expresses, as he admits, some "pretty strong sentiments," and you won't agree with them all, but you will be with him in his denunciation of those "aureated swine" whom he leaves "to enjoy their own pig-wash."

XUM

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

HUGH WALPOLE.

WE pause on the outset of this appreciation of Mr. Hugh Walpole to consider the curiously abnormal position of the Georgian novelist. We have in the twentieth century a school, or rather a shoal, of people professionally engaged on the writing of novels, reducing life to a system of romance or realism; or something remotely related to either; most of them very young men still in the thirties, who have in their short, productive careers written some of them as many as ten volumes of ponderable size, bristling with all sorts of new and surprising theories on the simple and complex problems of existence. Among them are several novelists of rare promise and actual achievement, notably Compton Mackenzie, Gilbert Cannan, John Palmer, J. D. Beresford, and finally Hugh Walpole; quite a Pléiade of young authors who have written, as in the case of Mr. Walpole, almost as much in solid word for word bulk as many of the great novelists whose works reflect a philosophy of experience, slowly and painfully acquired through a long life of triumph and disillusion, stopping only at the grave. How different things are in our topsy-turvy times! We no longer witness the sad spectacle of genius toiling along on a crust of bread and a pot of four ale in pursuit of the world's recognition, witnessing instead the refreshing reality of young men bounding into fame or notoriety soon after they have toddled out of the cradle into the nursery; or rather soon after they have leapt out of the nursery into the playground; for it is still on the playgrounds of Eton and Winchester and no less the common playground of the street and slum that Europe will be won in the arts as well as in the wars. We offer no comment on this curious thing; or why young men should bound into celebrity almost before they have completed their education. It is a conundrum worthy of an Œdipus.

It is generally acknowledged that the great masters, Scott, Dickens, Fielding, Thackeray, Balzac, Hugo and Tolstoy were careless, slovenly fellows; often prosily prolix; fussily psychological; continually bothered as to how to begin and where to end their stories; but when we did venture into the heart of them how completely were we under their spell and at their mercy! The modern novelist is much more strategic. The most cursory examination of the work of any of this amazing group reveals the not very original fact that in the sheer craft of their trade; their scrupulous attention to subordinate detail; chaste, clipped phraseology; the poise and balance of their characterisation; uncanny sense of atmosphere; they not only rival but actually surpass acknowledged masters like Dickens, Scott, Balzac, and even Thackeray. They are all of them conspicuous literary artists; but in spite of all their sounding triumphs and terrible industry they have neither a keen understanding nor offer a deep reading of human life; and that is one reason why perhaps we shall always prefer a novel of Scott or Balzac to a novel of Compton Mackenzie or Hugh Walpole. We get the impression, rightly or wrongly, as if these young novelists were not so much trying to imitate the masters as trying to show them how much better they themselves would have written their masterpieces for them in the new, ultra-modern fashion. We find this in some degree in Mr. Hugh Walpole, whose "Fortitude" is a reminiscence of "David Copperfield" and "Richard Feverel"; written in a minor key; faintly, deftly echoed; more chaste and scrupulous than Dickens; more humbly restrained than Meredith; but necessarily a devitalised Dickens; a lack-lustre Meredith, stripped of trope and dithyramb; a skeleton in filigree, without the warm blood, the firm bone, the vital movement.

We cannot promise you many facts about Mr. Hugh Walpole. Like most men of his outlook and tradition he preserves a seemly silence about his life; but if you will have facts, we can tell you that Mr. Walpole was born in 1884 somewhere in New Zealand; looks just as young as his age; has a noble, even commanding presence; appreciably frank and open; one of the few really refreshing things we had met in Russia before, of course, the Revolution; a bit of sun on the terra-cotta landscape. Mr. Walpole was first a tutor; then a journalist, spending four precious years of his life on the thankless task of reviewing other people's novels: that is all we know and all we need to know about the facts of Mr. Walpole's life.

We have read only three of Mr. Walpole's miscellaneous novels, "Fortitude," "The Dark Forest" and "Maradick at Forty," these being the only books of his available to us in Russia, so our estimate is necessarily suggestive rather than comprehensive. We do not know Mr. Walpole's creative methods, or rather his methods of work; but we can form a pretty fair guess as to how "The Dark Forest" was written—a personal record of his doings and experience with the Russian Red Cross. It was no doubt a happy break from the monotonous horror of his ghastly war work; every day bringing its rich but unripe crop of incident; every day adding its little bit, page on page, till the final achievement and "finis" was written to the fair manuscript. But we do not think he would have written about some of the characters as he does on calm reflection; the revolutionary student, for example, missing a great opportunity, we think, remembering Dostoevsky's treatment of Raskolnikov, and Marmeladov or Tolstoy's divinely human Prince Pierre; or thought it worth while to retain the somewhat hysterical episode of the fly; humorous but grave; although we would not wish him to withdraw one iota of its mellow charm of atmosphere; its serene beauty and Flaubertian rhythm of narrative. There is more repose and balance in "Fortitude" and "Maradick at Forty"; more sanity of outlook; more maturity. We can well understand that Russia could have but little charm for one so completely English as Hugh Walpole, who sets the scenes of his best books in

picturesque nooks along the Cornish coast—ah, would we were there!—weaving dreams of wonder and delight about his countrified prodigies like Tony Gale and Peter Westcott who set out to trudge the rough highway of the world and stir the dull heart of London with their dreams. England of maypole and morrice dance; the cheer and colour of the village inn; the hawthorn lane; the lazy port and shimmering sea; it is all caught with a master hand in "Fortitude" and "Maradick at Forty"; a soothing, plastic, clean-cut picture.

"Fortitude" a *genre* study in atavism, despite its occasional crudities; its vague hovering between romance and realism, is by far the best of the trio; more skillfully wrought; more concise; with a broader sweep and movement; and, better still, a deeper reverence for life. Although one or two of the episodes are crude and unreal; and as perilously near to melodrama as probably Mr. Walpole ever got in the whole course of his artistic career, it is crudeness and unreality that promise more than the loftily correct attitude that prevails in "Maradick at Forty," or the intolerant outlook of "The Dark Forest." This little bit from "Maradick at Forty" is not quoted so much as an example of Mr. Walpole's scrupulous narrative style, but rather to illustrate our own point of view and what we want so much to say not only to Mr. Walpole, but to that little clique of brilliant young novelists now writing kinetographic studies instead of giving us a real interpretation of the human drama, who alternately amuse and baffle, and solicit our appreciation, if not our actual homage:

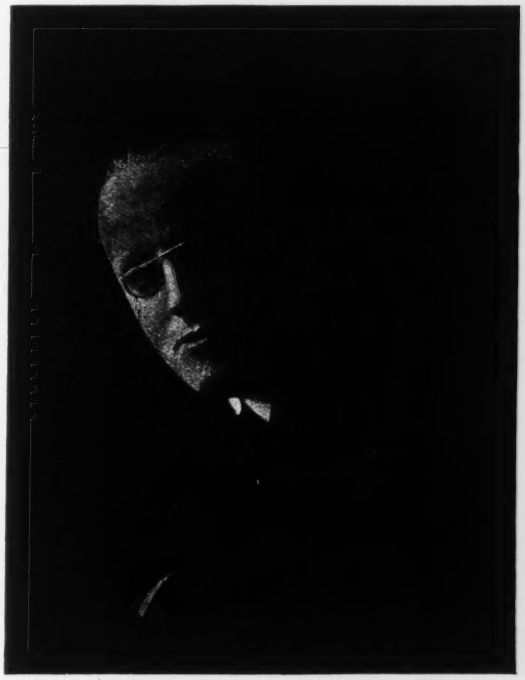

Photo by Vandyk.

Mr. Hugh Walpole.

"Maradick . . . sank down with his eyes for the moment on the burning sky, and then gazing through depths of green water. As he cleaved it with his arm it parted and curled round his body like an embrace; for a moment he was going down and down and down, little diamond bubbles flying above him, then he was up again, and, for an instant, the dazzling white of the cove, the brown of the rocks, the blue of the sky encircled him. Then he lay on his back and floated. His body seemed to leave him, and he was something utterly untrammelled and free; there were no Laws, no Creeds, no arguments, nothing but a wonderful peace and contentment, an absolute union with something that he had been searching for all his life and had never found till now. . . . Then he struck out to sea. Before him it seemed to spread without end or limit; it was veiled in its farthest distance by a thin purple haze and out of this curtain the blue capped waves danced in quick succession towards him. He struck out and out, and as he felt his body cut through the water a great exultation rose in him that he was still so strong and vigorous. Every part of him, from the crown of the head to the soles of his feet, seemed clean and sound and sane. Oh, Life! with its worries and its dirty little secrets and its petty moralities, and the miserable pessimistic sauntering in a melancholy twilight through perpetual graveyards! Let them swim, let them swim!"

This is, besides being a luminous picture of Maradick having a morning swim, rather we choose to think a symbol of what Mr. Walpole would like to be and would like to do in his work as a novelist; to strike out with the joy and freedom of a finely-conceived and sympathetic character, no longer hugging the shore but swimming far and beyond the narrow world where his feet have been so firmly and so perilously set. We feel perhaps more in Mr. Walpole than in his fellow craftsmen as of one perpetually on the brink of "striking out" and doing something really great or worth while; eager not only to adopt a point of view; but to take the plunge right off without more ado; but we also feel contrarily just when he has made up his mind on this bold stroke comes the fear or distrust of his own strength; or perhaps it is the fear or distrust of his own weakness; held perpetually in leash by academic considerations of one kind or another; an artistic anxiety on the one hand to avoid over-emphasis or sentiment; and on the other a curious solicitude in one so artistic to placate the proprieties,—to strike a strong, individual note, and at the same time to hit the happy medium in tone and expression.

Mr. Walpole can look back, midway in his career, with conscious pride on a genuine achievement in letters; but we admire less the actual achievement than the promise of greater fruition. He has now attained an easy and dexterous control of his instrument; a sense of the wonder and gladness of life; courage and ideals; but he has a long way still to travel before he finds himself in close touch or complete communion with the spirit of life. He has been happily chaperoned by Flaubert, but he may safely discard this master now, and go forward not chaperoned any more but hand-in-hand in fellowship with Dostoevsky or even Tolstoy; or, if he chooses, Scott or Balzac; and then we feel we may look to him as we look to his fellow craftsmen, who have raised the novel in our day to a high, unprecedented art, to give us something that will not only charm or astonish but touch and ennoble: the stubborn heart of man still waits as it has always waited for the great interpreter.

ROBERT BIRKMYRE.

XUM

THE READER.

RHODA BROUGHTON.

By Walter Sichel.

WHEN Candide entered El Dorado he found the children in the streets playing at marbles with nuggets of gold. The children of our circulating libraries have been playing with Miss Broughton's gold nuggets for more years than most of us can, or some of us care to, remember. Golden nuggets they certainly are, as Anthony Trollope gladly owned long before their infinite and polished variety, which age cannot wither nor custom stale, had reached their present and pleasant proportions. The children of to-day, with shrill and by no means small voices, are mostly playing a sensational football, too often with gaudy, dreary, inflated bladders parading advertisements of politics or passion; or, in a higher sphere, at a sort of mild, platitudinous mental golf; or, more intellectually still, with donnish dolls'-houses—in the academic novel which is only examination papers dressed up as "problems." Let them return from those diversions to these golden nuggets: they will certainly not regret their change of game.

When I made my pilgrimage, I found Miss Broughton in her brother's home, a modest white house bowered in a garden such as her soul loves—though war has transformed the tennis-lawn into a chicken-run. I found her, like her books, inexhaustibly young, with a face which years and pain have proved powerless to rob of its keen gaze and clear colour. Sadness cannot quench her gaiety. Her eyes still look through as well as at you, yet you feel that the young people seek her out in order to remain young themselves. She was not a girl when she began writing—perhaps an advantage, for from the first she could look back as well as forward, and her critical faculty has ripened. That much personal experience has gone to make her books is evident—all of them are things well seen. As she sits in a wheeled chair under the veranda, you recognise that her dignity and distinction belong both to nature and an inheritance imaged by the family portraits. Collaterally, though not by blood, she is connected with the witty Sheridans. She tells you quietly that perhaps a sense of fun has made her reputation. She does not care to speak much of her books, many of which, indeed, she seems to have half forgotten, and I could not help twitting her with being such a stepmother to her literary children. But she remembers how her first publisher—the jovial Bentley—would welcome her with open arms—a welcome that doubtless filled his pockets. This disregard of her authorship, however, only comes from an entire lack of egotism. No one, too, can hear her speak without realising not only her *joie-de-vivre* and sympathy, but a vein of masterfulness and reticence. Much as she loves the country, I think that she loves London more, and in winter she is wont to inhabit a Chelsea flat. At once you remember that charming vignette of the old Chelsea church in one of her novels. She is a devotee of the eighteenth century; her Pope is at her fingers' ends. As for Shakespeare, she knows him by heart. She mislikes vagaries—the crooked topsy-turvydom that deforms so much in our new Art and politics, but she takes the freshest interest in contemporary life. There is nothing fantastic about her, and she abominates pretension and pretence. The prig she has herself defined as one overconscious of his own virtues. You go away feeling that you have met Madame de Sévigné.

From the year of grace 1875—a year before sham psychology had contorted the tragi-comedies of life—to this current year of stress and sorrow, Miss Broughton has given us of her best and brightest, and that romantic, ironic, incisive pen has lost none of its edge and power. The girls who wept over those old, green volumes of "Good-bye, Sweetheart," "Not Wisely But Too Well," and "Red as a Rose is She," are now grey-haired women weeping yet glorying in the great struggle for freedom which forms the restrained background of "A Thorn in the Flesh." Miss Broughton spans the distance between the crinoline and the coat-frock, between the "Girl of the Period" and the "New Woman." But the passions and caprices, the joys, misgivings and misunderstandings, the countenance gay or grave, calm or frowning, of nature and human nature, the voices of love among the roses or the ruins, of wayward impulse wavering, struggling, wandering towards the faith that subdues death, of the sweet, old-world gardens, steeped in sunshine or swept by storms like the human flowers that stray among them, the humours of the skies and seas and seasons, and of the men and women and birds and dogs that share and reflect their processions—all these abide as changeful and unchanging as Time and Destiny. She is a mistress, though she would not admit it, of the whole infinite gradation of lights and shadows that chequer and compose existence. And, like Jane Austen, she seeks them not in the heights or depths, but in the quiet yet haunted world of our homes and hearts. To that world she has added not only the creation of new phases and original situations, but a salt and savour, a fragrance, and, indeed, a philosophy, that are all her own. Two key-notes may be quoted at the outset, from "The Game and the Candle" which succeeded her earlier novels by nearly twenty-five years. ". . . The general life of humanity" (she observes in one of those cursive comments redolent of the eighteenth century), "runs in its old ruts, though to each several soul the season comes clad in some new regret, rejoicing, dread, or hope. *An infinite sameness in the whole, coupled with an infinite variety of parts, characterises as ever the history of the race.*" This is the first key-note, and the second is: ". . . That undertone of sadness which is the substratum of all our joys, whether fierce or gentle." The sob is never far from her smile, yet she shows us life, like spring, smiling

through its tears. "Why," she exclaims in "The Devil and the Deep Sea," "does one often laugh at things that are really tragic?" All her books are stamped with this insistent irony of things. Even when, in that same story, she strikes out the situation of a common girl's education for the purpose of marrying a patronising bore, what a sadness there is in the fun of it, what buoyant fun in the pathos! Her high spirits carry us along with them. And she is a real romantic—spontaneous, sensitive. Like Sterne's maid of the French inn she feels that "the tone makes the song." Steeped in literature from the Elizabethans downwards, familiar also with the Greek and Roman and French classics, she never lets them oppress her or her readers. Her quotations leaven her style and, indeed, her picturesque nomenclature: out of their unintruding profusion may be gleaned a whole anthology. Every one can perceive her wit and pathos and romping humour—her sense of the clash of contrasts, her trenchant criticism of character, her gift of terse characterisation. But none who has not read her stories in succession can realise their poetic quality. Perhaps she herself does not, for she is apt to believe that she is a stranded "mid-Victorian." I, for one, would far rather be stranded in some tranquil backwater or islet with Miss Broughton than take the cheapest trip over the most orgied seas with most of our new adventurers.

Photo by Bassano. **Miss Rhoda Broughton.**

There used to be an impression that Rhoda Broughton could be ranked somehow with "Ouida." It arose, I think, from her intense love of animals and impulse, her blend of satire and sentiment, her unconventional excursions through Bohemia, whether smart or shabby, and the spurts of a defiant wildness as different, however, as is a wild rose from a wild orchid. There is nothing hot-house about Rhoda Broughton: the wind that bloweth where it listeth follows her even when the air is loaded. But "Ouida," for all her fantastic gift, remained, as a rule, bizarre, and often slatternly. She wholly lacks Miss Broughton's shrewd sense of proportion and, above all, her firm grasp of the solid world. Nor has "Ouida" anything like the same wistful apprehension of the world spiritual. She could never have written this, for example, from that early and moving "Cometh Up as a Flower" (Miss Broughton's favourite):

"... There is a Book, a simple, old-fashioned, eloquent Book, which tells us that 'the fashion of this world passeth away,' the fashion—the old, old fashion that we are all so weary of—the fashion of being wicked and being sick and disappointed and heart-sore, and whoso believeth that it is so passing, straightway there is to him harmony and peace and order. Never through all the self-repeating centuries during which the old globe has gone lumbering round the sun, has there been an instance of instinct misleading any of the creatures in which it has been planted; and as surely as some inner voice whispers to the swallows, telling them that it is time for them to come flying over the foaming green seas ... so surely does some higher instinct, proportioned to our higher, nobler nature, bid us plume our wings for a flight, when life's winter is over. ... But great sorrows are in their nature like mountains, closing in the horizon. ..."

Or this from "The Game and the Candle" whose theme is that of the shadow and the substance—where Jane Etheredge, suddenly disillusioned, finds her lover, Miles, the idol to whom she has sacrificed all, a god of clay:

"... Before her spreads the gigantic selfishness of her life, and with that terrible revelation comes the twin and more terrible one of the true proportions of that object which, for her, has blotted out all the rest of creation. For the first time she sees her deity as he is; the commonplace good fellow, with his cheap jests, his limited intelligence, his promiscuous tendernesses. Memory, turned sleuth-hound, tracks back the path which has led to the final catastrophe. ... She has no one to blame but herself, scarcely even him who has but followed his instincts—must probably always follow them. She herself has juggled away everything that makes life preferable to his cold brother, death, and for what? ... Has not love, then, when stripped of its fine clothes, been nothing but sensuality? That love which she had clad in such imperial purple, and titled with high names, the love that had dethroned heaven's King and overshadowed earth's brotherhood?"

And then follows a dramatic climax of dismissal, which is one of many. Or this again, of exalting love, from "Joan," parting from her sinister Anthony, who denies any after-life:

"'And if there is no other,' she cries brokenly, lifting her clasped hands and streaming eyes, '... if this narrow bridge of life is all the space that we are given to head down the brute within us, to take the satyr by the throat and lift up the god! then all the more—a hundred times the more—have we no time to lose! Let us begin at once.'"

One by one her crowd of characters eat of the tree of knowledge, but through all the worldliness—and how alluring it is—rises some vision of the celestial city. Could "Ouida" ever for one moment have expressed the spiritual pathos of that sweet little Barbara's death in "Nancy," or of the fair, hectic Prue beating out her frail wings in "Doctor Cupid," or of the self-doomed butterfly Dolly, or of the reconciliation at Barbara's grave between the heroine and the chivalrous Sir Roger, or the closing scenes of the wilful Lenore (in "Good-bye, Sweetheart"), who expires vainly expectant of the

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estranged Paul, or of the fine end of "Not Wisely," where Kate Chester passes, not, as some others among her rebellious heroines, from light into darkness, but, living, from darkness into light? Through all these (and, indeed, through most of her novels) runs the silver cord of the great assurance. Her characters, too, grow up in her pages—the test of permanence—and often we do not learn even their Christian names for many pages: she knows and pities them all, even when she laughs most at or with them. By the slenderest incidents or accidents—a practical joke, a dropped handkerchief, a stumbling step, or Gillian's headache, which delays the climax of "Second Thoughts"—we watch the development which proves their destiny, and a great yearning for life and light attends them all, even when they lose their way or seem but mummers in a masquerade.

Her early romances founded a new type of hoyden heroine ("the flapper" of modern slang), instinct with the sap of mother nature. They are winning *enfants terribles*, demure yet daring, who meet us first (and this lent itself to parody) sitting on a stone wall or a tombstone or a gate. And then suddenly, on the narrow horizon, appears the bold, bad, though hardly depraved, man, who is either converted by their love, or, in despair or falsity, dashes their pretty lives to pieces. Wolferstan in "Joan," Dare Stamer in "Not Wisely," the bad Sir Hugh in "Cometh Up," Musgrave in "Nancy," Le Mesurier in "Good-bye, Sweetheart"—how well we know them all, however various, for they differ as cast-iron from porcelain. Nor are they of the same order as the later and grosser Miles in "The Game," or the fickle, frivolous Freddy in "Dr. Cupid." They, too, were an innovation on the previous Lotharios of fiction. They have nothing in common with the eighteenth-century Lovelaces, rakes at once solemnly stilted and cruelly cunning. Though at times she recalls and unites both Charlotte Brontë and Lytton, neither do they resemble the mesmeric, impossible Rochester, nor are they of the fashionably profligate "Pelham" family. Miss Broughton's worst philanderers are *enfants terribles* too, or they are *enfants prodigues*. Passionate or loving, too late they repent or go down. "Out of our mistakes," she exclaims in "Joan," "God builds His completeness."

Most of her girls are country girls, and the spell of the soil attends them even when they are transplanted to cities. We may say of these what Congreve says of Millamant: "I like her with all her faults: nay, like her *for* her faults." And when, as in the case of Gillian in "Second Thoughts," they are shaken, not out of self-indulgence, but out of self-importance or self-illusion, into self-abandonment, we like them the more. How delicately rendered, moreover, is her long series of perplexed or perplexing parents and fond or fussy or intrusive or intriguing kinsfolk—and the triumphantly naughty children and dogs. Trollope himself is not more humorous over the squires and the clergymen and the clergymen's wives and the rural dinner or garden parties in which we are not spectators but participators. Who can forget Mrs. Evans, who appeared at these functions in her wedding gown dyed black? No one is better than Miss Broughton at those rural balls where comedy and tragedy dance side by side under the shadow of fate in the Georgian or Elizabethan homesteads. At one of them she mentions, it may be remembered, a loud-voiced man who drowned the band when he proposed. Her humour flashes out of her characters, and is never forced or feeble. Like her episodes and incidents it airs the element of surprise, and belongs to what Montaigne so well styles "the starts and sallies of the soul." Who can forget the ridiculous Monsieur César (in "Good-bye"), caracoling before the Dinan boarding-house, or the singer with a cold (in "Joan") warbling of "Baggie's Secret," or the family prayers where Nancy's father commandeers Providence, or those kitchen smells—which Trollope would have never noticed—in that same pathetic story—one which joins her earlier fantasias on the theme of love astray to her later, ampler, and more chastened melodies? Who can forget the managing, marring Lady Bramhill in that arresting "Scylla or Charybdis"? "Joan" leaves the luxurious home of her adoption, and immediately the vulgar, good-natured garrison-hacks with their egregious mother—"even her laugh was fat"—divert us as much as Jane Austen's Bennets. As for her nurseries and schoolrooms, the Harborough children ("Dr. Cupid") interrupting the service and shocking the congregation, the children in "A Beginner" playing at Salvation Army, the hospital children in "Second Thoughts" with their chaos of Noah's Ark, the children christened after generals in "Lavinia," the masterfully allied children in "Nancy" who are immortal—where are their equals? Perhaps one day Miss Broughton will give us the precious children of to-day's faddist schooling—eugenic, sandal-shooned, coddled into invertebrate dependence—for never has she made better fun of anything than of the namby-pamby, æsthetic Chaloner. Then we have the volatile Freddy's "poems" and philosophy of life in "Dr. Cupid," and the irony of his dismissal; the thought-reader in "A Beginner"; the Socialist flat and its crooked proprietress in "Dear Faustina"; Mrs. Prince's half-slammed "H's" and Feodorovna's jealous nursing-instructions to Lavinia, in a story well hinged on the problem of a coward; the lady advertising her birthdays till she seemed "to be born once a fortnight" in "The Game and the Candle"; the *nuances* of parents differently quarrelsome in two separate stories: the "Czar" in "Mrs. Bligh" who wept at not being able to send George to Cambridge because (by general consent) he must have his little *parties fines* at Bignons, the petticoated variety of him in "Mama," the selfishly irresistible; the frankly amorous and amoral escapades of winsome Bonnybell in "A Waif's Progress," where the austere Camilla, who adopts her, is one of the most dumbly appealing, yet unappealing, of pathetic characters; in "Joan," of Lalage, the smart, Rubensy epicurean, and of Lady Betty, a softer, sadder example, in "Dr. Cupid"; and in "A Thorn in the Flesh," the unconscious humour of exasperating Parthenope who bores poor Steele alike into marriage and separation—these are a few isolated instances of Rhoda Broughton's ironic gallery, interwoven, never intruded, and the outcome of *esprit* not of jocularity. Nor can they be relished apart from their setting. There are those who object to her constant use of the present tense in her narrative. It is just because her stories are an experience and not an experiment or an afterthought, that she employs it.

How good, too, are her sayings—sidelights on character—which as yet, I think, have escaped the omnivorous "Birthday-book." Their name is legion, but a handful must suffice. There is the "I wish nobody had parents and that every woman was born a widow," the "Take care of the women and the men will take care of themselves," the recommendation of the stop-gap match in "Good-bye"—"Scrope has no money and Lenore no father," the "No passion is so short-lived as astonishment," and the "Passions do not beat the affections," the "Nature never blabs," the "refreshment-room head of hair," Joan's heart-broken preference of "stabs to pin-pricks," and Kate Chester, who "would have flirted with an undertaker." There is the person "with a deep heart and an infernal temper," and the obtuseness that "assassinates an anecdote."

I have no space for her nature-studies at once large and minute. Who but Miss Broughton would have marked the throstle mimicking the nightingale; who but she could condense emotion in "through the gossamer-dressed September mornings and the gold-misted September noons she lived alone"; who but she would have given us the picture of Joan at the garden-fountain, or that in "Dr. Cupid" of Magdalen Tower on May Day morning? There is many an idyll in her pages to inspire an artist, many dramatic moments for the playwright, had I but space to emphasise them.

"Nancy"—her transition novel—is probably the favourite of the public, but best of all I like "Second Thoughts." It is clear-cut as a cameo, and its intensity does not burst the story, so to speak, as it seems to do sometimes in her earlier efforts. It is like a miniature of Meissonier—plot and passion, humour and pathos *in petto*. The theme is most striking—that of an imperious, self-sufficient girl, suddenly summoned from the adopted and luxurious home which she controls to the death-bed of a cynical father—and by the beloved physician her marriage with whom is made the condition of a large fortune. How a sternness veils his unselfish adoration, how he tames and transforms her amid the humours of his severe sister, Gillian Latimer's return to her old home only to find that she has been insensibly supplanted, the slow yet certain course over every stumbling-stone of the current—which becomes the torrent—of their love—all this is finely rendered and thrown into relief. And next best, perhaps, I like "Scylla or Charybdis," also a *chef d'œuvre* of characterisation; and "The Devil and the Deep Sea," with its graphic portrayal and analysis of two bitterly broken lives. "Lavinia" has the same power of freedom in compression and convergence on a goal, yet it is hard to choose between any of these but the first, and "Nancy"—the sole novel of hers, I believe, that has been acted on the stage. The very fertilities of creativeness make it easy for the captious (too often the disappointed) to find fault. But gratitude abhors the niggling of cavil, and at least two generations are palpably her debtors. That many more will be so—may we hope with renewed cause—cannot be doubted, for she owns the talisman of survival—vitality.

"Thine shall be Echo on these sunny swards."

TOWARDS THE GREAT RESTORATION.*

By Dr. William Barry.

"BEHOLD I make all things new" is one of those flashes of light in the Apocalypse which dazzle but inspire us with a sense of the human landscape suddenly disclosed to horizons never before guessed at. It is a saying for men like Professor Geddes and his companions who have planned this library, dedicated by them to the "Making of the Future." So many are the points significant, seasonable, and revolutionary, in the volumes before me that I am at a loss where to begin, and indeed the fragments of spoilt paper which lie about on my desk seem to hint that, wherever I make a start, I shall find the abundance of thought and suggestion more than I can cope with. There should be congratulations to the distinguished firm of publishers, who are now turning away from Berlin and the German universities to Paris and the French stores of learning, which we left a good deal in the shade until lately, although so much sound work executed in a most graceful form had been accumulated by Gallic scholarship in many departments. And we should congratulate Britain on the energy, insight and knowledge that have given to Professor Geddes a continually increasing fame, the benefit of which we can all share. I am glad to think how Dr. St. George Mivart called my attention a great many years ago to the new and well-equipped champion of Vitalism, who before 1890 was winning victories against the preachers of death—I mean the adherents of a crude mechanical Darwinism, ruling then over the Royal Society with a rod of iron. Materialism, in effect, if not always in theory, seemed to justify the massacre of human hopes and interests which went on without hindrance in the money-market. There were protests from all those who still believed in a nobler creed. But for a long while the nation would not listen. Now, at last, we are beholding our enemy, if not yet in flight, broken at the centre where he dreamt that his strength lay. Science is taking life as its premiss, the key to experience, the chief instrument of progress; not a mere negligible result of atomic machinery, but the cause that is antecedent to every result, including science itself. The creative word is now "biology." Man shall come into his own again. That is the future of which these new books forecast, and in some measure design, the making. It will be the Great Restoration.

One of my troubles in endeavouring to sketch its main features I take to be a good sign, though embarrassing to me personally. May I venture to touch upon it for a moment? There is a book of mine, "The World's Debate," ready and advertised, in which coincidences of thought, nay sometimes of expression, with what I am here reviewing, will be found not infrequently. A good

* "The Coming Polity." By Patrick Geddes and Victor Branford.—"Ideas at War." By the Same and Gilbert Slater. 5s. net each. (Williams & Norgate.)

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sign I call it, as proving that the current of ideas from different sources, and under influences by no means identical, has begun to flow in the same direction, and away from German universities, towards the old classical tradition of philosophy. The leaders of mind are turning back to Aristotle. This change must needs delight me; nor do I fear the charge of plagiarism. But though wisdom may praise her own self, in a writer it is not entirely becoming. I will only say, therefore, that my personal convictions were formed long previously to any acquaintance with the school of Edinburgh; that they did not dawn upon me out of the speculations of Comte, or the travels of Le Play; and that I am drawn as little to Bergson as to William James.

In these asides I have largely, if loosely, indicated the general character of both volumes; and, as I anticipate, of the forthcoming library. It aims at recovering man's lost estate, with hope of endless improvement, by the combination of theory with practice. And this in a manner which bears the most remarkable analogy to the Greek idea of the "City," made universal by the Catholic Church during her palmiest days; while City and Church alike rise out of the Home, which is to be planted deep in its proper soil, and which will subdue the earth as farm, garden, workshop, realizing ever more and more the kingdom of Humanity. Such is the scheme, simple in outline, grand in conception. We may grasp its intent more firmly still by considering the wrongs which its promoters set themselves to right. In the Industrial Era now breaking up, what was it that happened to our Western World, taken as a whole? This, surely, that the country was sacrificed to the town, the peasant to the factory-population, the town to the capital; and that the political government, miscalled the State, absorbed into itself (wherever it met with no resistance) all the powers hitherto divided and independent which by their reciprocal action had made up a living society. Thus the State became ubiquitous in its immediate jurisdiction and was absolute, except so far as private monopolies on a great scale refused to let it interfere with them. The "Absolute State," the "Servile State"—in this relation of government and people the programme of democrats or liberals had issued everywhere. Then, as foreign policy, write the words which describe how Empires wrangled for "markets," involving "annexations"—I mean, set them down boldly as "birds of prey"—and you will have mapped out the Past that led on inevitably to this our heart-shaking Present. All civilised nations were mistaking the means for the end. State was exploiting City; City was devouring Country; and the portent known as "race-suicide" was destroying the Family. These are the facts briefly summed up, and undeniable. A keen-sighted Catholic economist, Charles Devas, when confronted with old Malthusian fears of "over-population," wrote some thirty years ago, "That is not the danger of modern States; the danger, as in the late Roman Empire, is the opposite—not too many men, but too few." I give the sense of his contention; events are sealing it in blood.

Very well; or rather, very ill; let us next inquire what there is to be done. Go back, say these books, to nature and life; to the soil and its resources; to the Home and its sacred immemorial associations; to the true City, which reconciles all the elements of a rich and genuinely human existence. Then, if you will, federate your Cities into a State, every part of which enjoys Home Rule, is itself a living organism, and no longer a mere duct feeding the Capital or the Capitalist, whose aims are more money or more pleasure. Oppose to the "predatory" Empires the land that nourishes its people. Let the great teaching bodies, and first of all the universities, come into touch with life under its various beneficent activities. Break up the monopoly of London, send men to study the aspects and products of nature in regions where they can be seen at first hand. Find equivalents for the hunter's passion, the war-instinct, in rude and noble tasks which call out these misused powers for the good of society. Let journalism learn its vocation, which is the daily priesthood of truth, not sensation and scandal-mongering and the advertisement of mischievous, trivial, or cheating information. The Churches have their duty, also, which regards, and in the best annals of the Past never neglected, the consecration of man's earthly life, here and now, to spiritual holiness. You must begin with "place, work, folk," and go on to "policy, culture, art." Never divorce these from one another, as men did in the nineteenth century; for if you do, the "place" will become hideous, the "work" slavery, the "folk" degenerate, the "policy" despotism, the "culture" vanity, the "art" vicious. You have brought your analytic genius to a stage where it acts as pure destruction, and is exploding mankind by means of its scientific achievements into a horror that has no name. Try now a little synthesis. The world of beauty has perished, or is perishing, under your devilish inventions. Build it up again out of life, by the spirit, as the City of Mansoul, as reaching unto Heaven, as the City of God.

The message conveyed by Professor Geddes and his learned colleagues I have given, it seems to me, in this lightning-sketch. But, I would say, learn and lay it to heart. The reality of it all will strike you. That Comte, Le Play, Kropotkin, Bergson, should be joined in one company with Scotsmen at Edinburgh, with Catholic students from Rome like myself, with Bourget and Barrès, men who have returned in France to "the kindred points of heaven and home," bears witness to a great change in the tides of human affairs. Instead of that blind science which rejected the Past, scorned religion, and made every man the slave of a money-grinding machine, we are now invited to get the good of all the phases through which our race has gone, to correct and heighten it by those ideals that take into account our actual and possible nature, and to subdue the order of the world to the best we know; reckoning ourselves as vital causes and lords of to-morrow, whereas unbelieving science treated us as the perishable outcome of dead yesterdays.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

AUGUST, 1917.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric. Imitations and paraphrases are inadmissible.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best brief quotation in verse or prose, from any English-writing author, that will serve as a motto for civilians under an air-raid.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JULY.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Alice W. Linford, of 17, Linden Road, N.15, for the following:

MADONNA MIA.

She is more beautiful than summer morn,
Than all the magic of forgotten years,
Within her deep grey eyes is wonder born,
And gleams of mirth and mist of hidden tears.

Hers is the silence of the summer sky,
And hers the mystery of wind and star,
Within her heart sweet hidden treasures lie,
And all the glory of all things that are.

With firm, unfaltering step she goes her way,
And guards her soul with calm unceasing care,
Hides in her heart the dream of Yesterday,
And smiles to find the present passing fair.

And I have made for her a little shrine,
All white and blue and soft with shadow stir,
Where, in the glimmer of the candle shine,
My soul may kneel awhile and worship her.

ALICE W. LINFORD.

We also select for printing:

AN ALLOTMENT HYMN.

This is the prayer of ours to Pan,
The puck-like god, half beast, half man—
That he who guards the woods and trees
May care for little plots like these.

For when we human folk are still
And the wind stirs behind the hill,
When night herself, grown weary, sleeps,
Forth from his leafy rest he leaps,

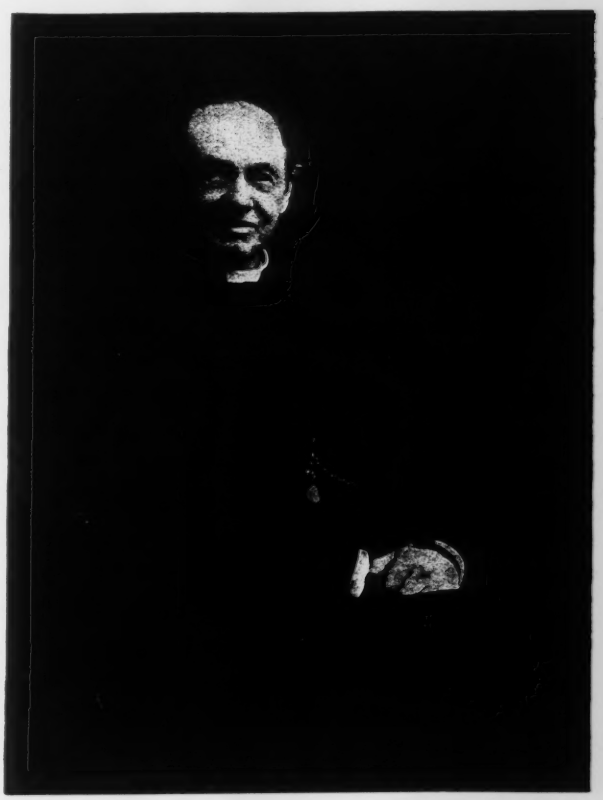
And secretly about us goes,
To watch for everything that grows.
But we're afraid that he might miss
So little a piece of earth as this.

O god of all live things, we bring
No great gifts for an offering—
We have no rosy vintage rare,
Nor wealth of flowers for your hair.

Only a well-trimmed row of peas,
Potatoes, beans, and cabbages,
A spade, a hoe, a garden rake,
And sunburnt hands, and backs that ache.

Yet, Pan, we pray you to bestow
A blessing, that our seeds may grow—
And in due time a bounteous spoil
To pay these happy hours of toil.

(Brenda Duncan, Park House, Croydon, Surrey.)



Canon Shearme.
From a photo, 1912.
Frontispiece to his "Lively Recollections" (John Lane), which were recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN.

"REAL PRESENCE."

Not on an Altar shall mine eyes behold Thee,
Tho' Thou art sacrifice, Thou too art Priest;
Bend, that the feeble arms of Love enfold Thee,
So Faith shall bloom, increased.

Not on a Cross, with passion buds around Thee,
Thorn-crowned and lonely, in Thy suffering;
Nay, but as watching Mary met and found Thee,
Dawn-robed, the Risen King.

Not in the past, but in the present glorious,
Not in the future, that I cannot span,
Living and breathing, ever death victorious,
My God . . . my Brother-Man.

(Ivan Adair, 54, Palmerston Road, Dublin.)

From the numerous lyrics received we select for special commendation those by Eric Antony (Wandsworth), Ellen Lloyd-Williams (Cardiff), May Herschel-Clarke (Woolwich), Vere M. Murphy (Tamerton Foliott), Wilfred W. Kershaw (Southport), Rifleman A. R. Groves (France), Bevan Dawes (Birkdale), Lilian Holmes (Charing), Edith Beechey (Pentre), A. Howe (Wellington, N.Z.), Winifred Tasker (Llandudno), Delphine Stringer (Cromer), Chanticler (London, N.W.), Private W. H. Stokes (Malta), V. St. L. Winter (Thetford), Hilda M. Barrow (Dunstable), M. A. Ruck (Kenilworth), F. Baxter (Catford), J. Shirley (Clapham), V. D. Goodwin (Gillingham), Yvonne Ponsonby (Jersey), Winifred Barrows (Parkstone), Frances P. Patton (Ballymena), Rachel S. Macnamara (New Milton), David Conrad (Canning Town), Cyril G. Taylor (Charmouth), A. Sedgwick Barnard (Prestwich), M. L. Davies (Harrogate), Mrs. Alice Wise (Leicester), D. M. Barter Snow (West Malling), Irene A. Davies (Crickhowell), Marguerite Macgregor (Hampstead), Helen W. Paton (Rathkenny), John Wayne (Leighton Buzzard), Roland Goodchild (Beckenham), Howard D. Smith (Handsworth), A. W. Bailey (Birmingham), Campbell Roper (Winchester), Editha Jenkinson (Harrogate), Marjorie V. Miller (Manchester), Miriam Greer (Saxmundham), A. Barrie Knapp (Bournemouth), H. Richardson (Forest Gate), Sergt. E. Ayre (Malta), John A. Bellchambers (Highgate), C. Jepson (Bristol), Constance Goodwin (Clapham), A. G. Thomas (Bangor), Beryl Carter (Bexhill), Private J. P. du Parcq (Bath), E. A. Potter (Birmingham) Marjorie Crosbie (Barnes), Katharine Bedford (Brighouse), Emily A. Cregeen (Sidcup), M. A. Lotz (Wimbledon), Barbara J. R. Davis (Bath), A. G. Pry.-Jones (London, S.E.), Minnie Browning (Cheltenham), Private D. W. Ashby (Leicester), Laurence Tarr (Forest Gate), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), F. Olsen (South Shields), E. R. L. (Durham), Rev. T. B. Allen (Manchester), N. H. Drury (Streatham), Bessie Clough (Norwich), M. E. Kennedy (Dublin), Percival Hale Coke (Weston-super-Mare), Norman Terrey (Southampton), W. Elsie Hunt (North Shields), Mary C. Mair (Haslemere), H. Fryer (Ilford), D. A. Russell Gregg (Burnham), Gavin M. Riddell (Highgate), Norman J. Bickle (Plympton St. Mary), Enid D. Woolbright (London, S.W.), M. E. Morris (Torquay), H. W. Mottram (London, W.), S. M. R. (Hampstead), Mrs. Guy Branson (Birmingham), Henry F. Plant (Kilmalcolm), Mary L. Yewlett (Virginia Water), Nora B. Fry (Willesden), Dorothea Jackson (London, S.E.), Erica Witchell (Minchinhampton), Phyllis J. Mudie (Manchester), V. W. W. (Sandown), M. M. Ferguson (Calne), Ila Hearn (Croydon), Geoffrey St. Owen (Marylebone, N.W.), T. Johnson (Saskatchewan).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to the Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, of 33, Hatfield Road, Eastbourne, for the following:

HANDED OVER. By J. SCOTT DUCKERS. (Daniel.)

"Farewell then, my golden repeater,
We've come to my 'Uncle's' old shop."
T. HOOD, *Lines on Pawning my Watch.*

We also select for printing:

SILENT SIGNAL. By FERGUS HUME. (Ward, Lock.)

"He put his hands up to his nose,
And spread his fingers out!"
THOMAS INGOLDSBY, *Margate Pier.*

(Miss E. M. Johnson, Stocks Lane, Penketh, Warrington.)

THE NEW ORDER. By MORICE GERARD. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Forbear, and eat no more."
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It.*

(Mrs. A. E. Wise, 7, High Street, Leicester.)

FORTY YEARS AT THE BAR. By J. H. BALFOUR BROWNE. (Herbert Jenkins.)

"Yet can I gulp a bumper to thy name."
KEATS, *Written in Burns's Cottage.*

(K. Elsie Hunt, 52, Donkin Terrace, North Shields.)

LONDON LAMPS. By THOMAS BURKE. (Grant Richards.)

"Teach light to counterfeit a gloom."
MILTON, *Il Penseroso.*

(A. S. Mathews, *Herald* Office, Bath, Somerset.)

THE WAY OF THE AIR. By "AN AIR PILOT." (Heinemann.)

"Will no one tell me what she sings?"
WORDSWORTH, *The Solitary Reaper.*

(A. Eleanor Pinnington, The Blind School, S. David's Hill, Exeter.)

SILENT SIGNAL. By FERGUS HUME. (Ward, Lock.)

"With a wink of his eye,
His friend made reply."
BARHAM, *Ingoldsby Legends.*
"The Merchant of Venice."

(Mrs. M. E. Brown, 27, Claremont Crescent, Sheffield.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best appreciation of the Postwoman is awarded to William Sutherland, 2, North Grove, Roker, Sunderland, for the following:

THE POSTWOMAN—AN APPRECIATION.

Whene'er her laden form we see upon her rounds, we know
She represents a man released to fight her country's foe,
And since the burden of his toil through heat and cold she bears,
She strikes her blow for freedom, and all his honour shares.

From the many appreciations sent in we select for special commendation the twelve by H. W. Mytton (Wolverhampton), M. Baldwin (Colchester), Jenan Rees-Davies (St. John's, S.E.), T. J. Thomas (Merthyr Tydfil), W. Thomas (Cardiff), C. Ransom (Torquay), Irene Leese (Leamington), Ellen Webster (Ipswich), S. R. Nicol (Llandrindod Wells), Geo. A. Vann (Sheffield), G. A. Anderson (Woldingham), Ida Birkin (Nottingham).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review is awarded to A. Racer, c/o Chief Clerk, Tower Bridge Police Court, S.E., for the following:

THE QUEST OF LEDGAR DUNSTAN.
By A. T. SHEPPARD. (Duckworth.)

On certain Sicilian hill-slopes, gusts of flame and eddying fumes startle the wanderer with hints of a volcanic inferno beneath the grass and scented heather. So this book, homely and ghastly, mingles the trivialities of A.D. 1913 with elemental terrors; under drowsy use-and-wont gleam Armageddon and the coming of Antichrist, the pressing riddles of ancientry, the eternal, elusive verities. A novel in form, the work is in essence a sermon; its theme, the beleaguered City of Mansoul. Turbid and overburdened, it remains an authentic utterance—a voice crying in the modern wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord."

Mr. V. Goldie,

whose strikingly realistic novel, "The Happy Garret," was published recently by Mr. Heinemann.

We also select for printing:

WOLFANG. By J. MILLS WHITHAM. (Methuen.)

Mr. Whitham's masters are Hardy and Dostoevsky. He sees life as Tragedy, a struggle with sinister forces from which Love only can redeem. "Wolfang" is the name of a degenerate Exmoor family whose youngest member, Lance, is a survival of what was once sound and robust in the stock. He falls in love with a farmer's daughter, Heth, and they tread the difficult path of deliverance together. Fate, relentless, does not spare them, but the story ends with a gleam of hope. It is a sincere, if somewhat sombre, piece of work upon which the author may be congratulated.

(Edward Lewis, Braunton, N. Devon.)

THE DOMINIE DISMISSED.

By A. S. NEIL. (Herbert Jenkins.)

This volume has the humour, the candour, the spontaneity of "The Dominie's Log." With an ampler plot and a greater development of characterisation than a "Log" permits, there is an even greater insistency on the need for reform in education, and in society in general. The author's experiments in education show a significant promise of success: he is fearless and bold in the cause of Socialism, in demanding that man grow, mentally and physically, free and unshackled. Humorous description, entertaining conversation, and a quaint, charming love story, serve to enhance, not to hide, this stirring note of deep, earnest conviction.

(Flora Baxter, 27, Forth Place, Stirling, Scotland.)

POEMS BY RALPH HODGSON. (Macmillan.)

The little booklets in which "The Bull," "The Song of Honour," and others of Mr. Hodgson's poems first appeared are already "rare first editions," and this collection, though including few additional poems, will thus be warmly welcomed. In exultant rush of melody these poems remind us of James Stephens; in simplicity of word and rhythm, of W. H. Davies; and in the sense of deep mystery underlying this simplicity, of Walter de la Mare; but in truth they disclose a mind of perfect individuality—touching, on this side or that, the minds of other poets, but distinct in itself from all others.

(R. W. King, "Deepdene," Catford Hill, S.E.6.)

A LITTLE WORLD APART.

By GEORGE STEVENSON. (John Lane.)

By the time we turn the last page of this interesting book we feel that we have really lived in the little village of Applethwaite. Some of the people we have grown to love and admire, especially the one who lived in "A Little World Apart," looking on the lives of others with a heart full of charity and compassion. Even the "Tabbies" who try to make mischief in the village awaken within us an interest which is often tinged with pity. An interesting character, too, is Lady Crane, with her strong expletives and blunt manner hiding a sympathetic heart.

(Evelina Ida San Garde, 107, Whalley Road, Accrington.)

We select for special commendation the twenty reviews by Ethel Mulvany (Dublin), J. I. Swanson (Marble Arch), E. Bendorffe (Manchester), Margaret K. Steele (Rochester), Brenda Duncan (Croydon), Elsa Gellert (Bradford), J. A. Jenkins (Birmingham), A. E. Gowers (Haverill), Florence Parsons (Altrincham), Ivan Adair (Dublin), May Dunne (Glenageary), Ethel List (Ilfracombe), M. J. Dobie (Mouldsworth), Alfred S. Moore (Belfast), Mrs. S. K. Vesey (Glenfarg), S. A. Griffiths (Ferndale), S. M. Margolionth (Brighton), J. Sturges (Clevedon), Chas. H. Barker (Clapham), M. A. Newman (Brighton).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Miss Sissie Hunter, 14, Avondale Road, Chesterfield.

GLEANINGS FROM SWINBURNE.*

By LAURENCE BINYON.

CHANCE, and the poet's forgetfulness, have preserved these poems, written at all periods of Swinburne's career; and they make a volume of curious interest. None of them was destroyed by its author, though he had probably forgotten their existence. After his death, Mr. Gosse tells us, an array of parcels, tied up in old newspapers, was discovered in his sitting-room. They contained letters, bills, and various rubbish, but among them were manuscripts both in verse and prose. Swinburne seems to have let papers accumulate till, when they cumbered his table intolerably, he swept them together, and tied the bundle up in a newspaper. Mr. Wise and Mr. Gosse laboriously sifted this material, and the gleanings, with a few poems from other sources, are here presented.

* "Posthumous Poems by A. C. Swinburne." Edited by Edmund Gosse, C.B., and Thomas James Wise. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)

In these days one rather dreads to open a posthumous volume, for fear of finding mere rejected stuff raked together to make a book. But we may be sure that Mr. Gosse would print nothing likely to injure Swinburne's fame; and though these poems may not enhance that fame, they are material of great value to any student of his development as a poet. The earliest dates from 1857, the latest from 1907; but the majority are of Swinburne's youth and early maturity. The most Swinburnian pieces are the least interesting; they add nothing to our knowledge of his genius, they are, for the most part, only less good examples of what we know very well already. But there are a number of poems which reveal the poet feeling his way to a style of his own, and sensitive to the influences of his older contemporaries: and these are of particular interest, because few poets ever came before the public with so formed and personal a style as Swinburne. I cannot help thinking that the discovery of the imitative element in these poems, unconscious, no doubt, at the time of composition, may have been Swinburne's motive in suppressing them. I think that he must have discontinued his Arthurian narrative "King Ban" because he realised how Tennysonian it was. In the imagery there are hints of the real Swinburne, but the movement of the verse is Tennyson's, and the diction recalls him again and again:

> "Even to the eyes and to the circled hair
> For shame of failure in so near a need,
> Failure in service of so near a man."

Who would not take such lines as these as to be somewhere in the "Idylls of the King"?

Again, when we read

> "In the dusk of starlit hours
> Thro' the woodland's dewy maze,
> Scattering music, scattering flowers
> Down the glimmering forest ways,
> O'er the smooth moss-paven level,
> Past the mountain's windy brow,
> Come the Nymphs in crowded revel,
> Calling, 'Echo! Echo! where art thou?'"

do we not seem to be listening to some lost stanza of "The New Sirens"—a poem of Matthew Arnold's, the music and colour of which seem to have haunted Swinburne's youth, just as the long lyric monologue in "Empedocles" suggested the form of the beautiful lyric dialogue at the close of "Atalanta"? In a dramatic fragment, "Pope Celestin and Giordano," there are lines that might have been written by Browning:

> "Ay, soon or late God fashions us anew
> By some good pattern; so shall all get made
> Fit to be welded stone by shapen stone
> Into the marvellous Jerusalem wall
> That shall be builded."

Swinburne soon realised where he was imitating others, and succeeded—rather too well—in making a manner, and mannerisms, of his own. But these traces of formative influence are of genuine interest; they give a clue to his admirations. Still more remarkable for the light it throws on the formation of the poet's style is the rejected "Newdigate" on the death of Franklin. One may safely wager that no successful Newdigate poem equals this, which alone makes the volume worth getting. Here we find sustained passages of noble style matching noble matter. It is an eloquent poem, but with nothing of the windiness and overemphasis of Swinburne's later time. The poet has not quite found his own voice yet; one may find echoes of the Elizabethan manner in it, and also of the Greek tragedians; but there is a genuine and original ring in the verse, which is thoroughly Swinburnian in its structure. Take the passage beginning:

> "The perfect choice and rarest of all good
> Abides not in broad air or public sun;
> Being spoken of, it is not understood;
> Being shown, it has no beauty to be loved. . . .
> Itself is knowledge of itself, and is
> By its own witness measured and approved. . . ."

I wish I had space to quote the entire passage, which grows into a truly personal style—the style, it seems to me (in this vein, at all events, for here there is no scope for lyric invention) of Swinburne at his best. But the poem, glowing as it does with praise of England, always a theme of sincere inspiration and emotion for Swinburne, is full of fine things, and powerfully sustained from beginning to end. It is curious to note, indeed, that the traces of weakness are just in those lines where Swinburne anticipates mannerisms to come—descriptive passages, which, in spite of vividness and beauty, allow vague alliterative collocations like "grass *as soft as song or sleep*." The verses suggest that if he had not given way to certain obsessions of diction and vocabulary Swinburne might have formed a stronger and more pregnant style than his actually hardened into.

Another early and ambitious effort is the "Ode to Mazzini." Mr. Gosse, by a careful analysis, has proved this to date from 1857, when the poet was just twenty. It is an ode of extraordinary promise for a boy; boyish in much of its rhetoric and sentiment, but capable of lines like

> "Truth never wanted swords,
> Since with his sword-like words
> Savonarola smote the Florentine."

Mr. Gosse conjectures that the ode was suppressed, partly because it very soon became out of date, and partly because Swinburne learnt to disapprove of its loose "Pindaric" form. Perhaps another reason may have been a change in his religious opinions; for, though the poem is Shelleyan in inspiration and is full of imprecations on priests and kings, it is charged with belief in a God who is the Creator as well as the Spirit of Love. (This is explicit in stanzas XII. and XIII.) Mr. Gosse agrees in the condemnation of the form of the ode, and prefers the odes of the poet's maturity which are "types of disciplined evolution." I feel inclined to demur a little to this condemnation. That Pindar's form should have been misunderstood seems an unessential question: the real point is whether the irregular form justifies itself in an English poem. True, the so-called Pindaric tends to looseness and taxes the poet's sense for internal form; but it allows rhythmic variations in obedience to the change of mood, and few poets can achieve the rich variety of mood within a stanzaic type of ode which Keats achieved in his "Nightingale." Swinburne, certainly, in his later odes rarely avoided monotony.

I have left too little space to write of what is in some ways the most remarkable section of the book, the series of "Border Ballads." These, it seems, were not published because thought at the time too "primitive" in

taste. They do not indeed smack of the early Victorian era. Mr. Gosse's preface tells us all about their origin and about their subjects. As imitations, or reconstructions, they are simply amazing. Here and there a modern touch, or rather a pre-Raphaelite touch, of colour and ornament betrays him; but for the most part Swinburne is extraordinarily successful in getting the manner and the broken rhythms (how difficult to achieve!) of his models. It is true the stories, as stories, do not impress us as those of the old ballads do, though this may be partly due to the consciousness of the poems not being "originals." The characters are not so terribly alive, and the ballads are a little too long for the action. But for all that, one can get a great deal of pleasure out of them, and they were well worth publishing. One quite understands Morris's exclamation, when it was proposed that Swinburne should be asked to edit a volume of old ballads for the Kelmscott Press: "Oh, no! that would never do. He would be writing in verses that no one would be able to tell from the original stuff."

London Stereoscopic Co. **Swinburne.**

An early portrait.

Among the lyrics are some that are negligible, others that are attractive. "A Carol for Charity" strikes the note of Mrs. Browning's "Cry of the Children," and seems inspired by Lord Shaftesbury's revelations about the lives of the children in the mines. I wonder why it was suppressed. "In the Twilight" might well have found a place in "Songs before Sunrise," but, as Mr. Gosse says, it was doubtless too much a repetition in mood of "A Watch in the Night." The volume ends with a couple of parodies, one of Tennyson's "Despair," another of Swinburne's own "By the North Sea." These are not equal to the parodies in "Heptalogia," but amusing enough.

Closing the book, which makes us freshly acquainted with the youthful as well as with the ripened (and over-ripened) genius of Swinburne, one is prompted once again to exclaim: "What an astounding gift the man had!" Perhaps if there had been something less of the gift, something more of the man, we might have known a yet more wonderful poet.

New Books.

DREAM PSYCHOLOGY.*

The tendency of scientific thought of to-day is towards a wider outlook in the investigation of the problems of the human mind and body in health and disease. Though biologists and physiologists have long insisted that in evolutionary progress the key-note is function and not structure, yet clinicians, with few exceptions, looked on their teachings as wild theories having no practical value. In the laboratory they were regarded with equal distrust. No one had time to waste on principles when structure had to be investigated. It was the age of the microscope. Interest was centred on instruments. An immense amount of exact knowledge was amassed by these brilliant workers, and, though their outlook was narrow, it should be realised that through their efforts medical science has been placed on a firm basis, on which it is possible now to stand and speculate.

But in such a materialistic atmosphere psychology, an abstract science, could gain little support. By morphologists the human mind could be thought of only in terms of brain cells. Areas of the brain were mapped off and labelled as centres of psychical activities. Attempts to elucidate psychological problems by this method led to nothing.

In recent years, however, the trend of medical research has been to investigate disturbance of function in disease rather than change in structure. Young observers realise that morphology must be superseded by physiology if progress is to be made. With the wider outlook it has become evident that in the present state of knowledge of the workings of the nervous system, mental processes can be studied best directly without any reference to the accompanying changes which are presumed to take place in the brain. It is believed that by approaching the problem from two different aspects—psychological and physiological—the relationship between mind and matter will ultimately be solved. This spirit is a very hopeful one, and should lead us far.

Two principal schools of psychological thought are at the present time in existence—the Viennese school and the Zurich school. Both believe that behind consciousness there are unconscious mental activities which influence our thoughts and actions, our feelings and sentiments, and that the study of dreams gives a valuable insight into the nature of these activities. But in the interpretations of dreams the two schools separate. The one sees in them unpleasant experience that has been "repressed," and reversions to crude instincts and desires, and the other interprets them as symbolising not only disagreeable thoughts which have been forcibly pushed out of consciousness, but also nascent or unfocussed interest, an impetus to development. The one pictures the unconscious mind as a repressive agent, while the other believes in its progressive or stimulating purpose. To the latter Dr. Nicoll belongs, and his views, so clearly expounded in his book,

* "Dream Psychology." By Captain Maurice Nicoll. 6s. net. (Henry Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

are full of hope, for they are teleological and are of immense practical importance not only to the physician, but to every one who is concerned with the study of human conduct.

The unconscious mind, according to Dr. Nicoll, is the source of interest which may be thought of as a constant flow towards consciousness. It represents the innate or fixed character of the individual. Consciousness or the will on which the environment reacts directly may block this upflowing stream, preventing its expression, it may deflect the stream, or it may allow it a free passage, when interest gets full expression in the life of the individual. When nascent interest is repressed by the conscious levels of the mind due to disharmony between it and the environment or conscious experience, there ensues "a rapid fall in what may be called the pressure of ideas, and a consequent state of mental blankness which gradually produces a sense of loss of confidence and general inadequacy." The normal interaction between the unconscious and conscious psyche is disturbed, mental conflict ensues, which is expressed in the individual in a peculiar and abnormal outlook.

The recognition of types in humanity and the understanding of behaviour requires a sensitiveness which seems to belong more to the present generation than to past generations of investigators. The value of Dr. Nicoll's book lies in the fact that it outlines a method of approach to problems of personal psychology which is of the greatest importance to teachers and parents, as well as to physicians.

GEORGE RIDDOCH.

WHAT LIES BENEATH.*

It was (I think) about twenty years ago that Mr. Benjamin Swift's first book, "Nancy Noon," caused something of a stir in certain of the more eclectic literary circles. It was followed quickly by two other books in the same vein, "The Tormentor" and "The Destroyer." They were all alike notable for their peculiarities of style and manner, obviously due to Meredithian influences, and yet with a sufficient quality of their own that lent them distinction. So far as I remember they were chiefly remarkable for their disregard of form, so that whilst page after page yielded only a harvest of extremely cryptic epigram, every now and then a whole tragedy would be flashed forth from a single lambent sentence. I do not remember that they were particularly strong in character-drawing, but they exhaled an effect of subtlety which it was difficult either to applaud as delicate art or condemn as mere fake. Anyway, they were out of the common ruck, and so it came about that we looked forward to each new novel by Mr. Swift as a possibly deciding factor in the mystery of his craft.

And then, for some years, he was strangely, unexpectedly silent.

I cannot say off-hand what other books Mr. Swift has written since that first breathless triumvirate fluttered our dovecots, but when this last new book of his reached me I had almost forgotten him.

I opened it and skimmed its pages with eager anticipations of delight, and to a large extent these anticipations have been realised by a more deliberate reading . . . though not altogether in the way that I expected. To begin with, "What Lies Beneath," in form and style and manner, trenches upon the conventional. There is none of the old flash and sparkle. Cryptic epigram is far to seek. And practically all traces of the old Meredithian influence have vanished. Mr. Swift writes now as a man who has found himself, who has found also what best he can do and how best he can do it. In two of the great essentials of successful novel-writing he has vindicated triumphantly his real power as an original and forceful writer; that is to say, in his mastery of the difficult art of building up a story and in his equal mastery of the still more difficult art of making his puppets seem real to us.

The opening is not wholly propitious. One gets a good deal of talk, metaphysical and religious, which is neither very brilliant nor very penetrative. Dead bones of controversy are haled forth from the dust in which (one had hoped) they were long ago decently buried and exhibited to us as the very flesh and blood of modern progressive thought. I confess those first two chapters rather bored me. Then, in the third chapter, there is a welcome quickening of the human interest, and in the fourth chapter a really fine opening incident with which the book itself might have begun perhaps more profitably.

A party of refugee Belgians are introduced into the truly extraordinary household of Joseph Ravendale, the chief protagonist of the story: a man of a grimly religious cast of mind who has married three wives, and by the adoption of various stepsons and stepdaughters involved himself in a very maze of paternal and semi-paternal relations and responsibilities. Joseph Ravendale is superbly well done. To portray such a man at all consistently, at once to repel us and at the same time retain our sympathy for such a man: this is an achievement of the highest and most delicate literary art. And Mr. Swift does perform this miracle. He goes on performing miracles; mostly miracles of character-drawing. Indeed there is not one improbable figure among all the many—too many—different people that crowd his pages. They are all a little queer too, a little out of the ordinary, there is a touch of the bizarre or the faintly elusive in each one, and yet they all live. We believe in them.

The story itself is a tragedy of the darkest complexion, but not without its comedy, its saltings of humour, and its happy ending. It is an unusual story, unusually well told and with an effective, inevitable climax; the last chapter of all, however, suffering a little from haste as if the author had begun to weary of his theme and were in too much of a hurry to ring down the curtain.

But, despite its few minor blemishes, no one with a taste for first-class fiction could possibly regret reading this fine novel. Still less could he regret reading it a second time.

EDWIN PUGH.

* "What Lies Beneath." By Benjamin Swift (William Romaine Paterson). 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

A NEW SCHOLASTICISM.*

Some of us have heard vaguely, and at something more than second hand, that not so many years since the old scholastic course, with all its forms and disputations, continued still at Salamanca, as if no modern world were battering outside the gates. If the story were true then, the course goes on perhaps, even at this day, and students may write up their theses to defend against all comers, while Europe is rent and heaved from hither to thither in a cataclysm of the ages. The notion of such a possibility produces what was once called "a distinct romantic flutter," amidst which we look back reverentially, with a sense of the gulf between, to the master of sentences, the angel of the schools, the seraphic doctor and others of the golden hierarchy whose names and works testify that there were giants on earth in those days. But a certain neo-Thomism which appeared at Salamanca and other Spanish universities after the Council of Trent may not have continued long into the seventeenth century. The question lies far behind the veils of our ignorance. Who shall say definitely that the "Ars Magna" of Raymund Lully has no exponents at Majorca, where his cultus as a local sanctity had a quiet vogue for centuries? We hear little of many signal matters going on at a few days journey hence. How many intellectual persons, familiar with things as they are, could have told us that a new scholasticism had arisen at the university of Louvain, though the preface to a volume, lying on my table as I write, reminds us that the world has heard much of Louvain lately, as it has heard with

* "A Manual of Modern Scholastic Philosophy." By Cardinal Mercier and Professors of the Higher Institute of Philosophy, Louvain. Authorised Translation by J. L. Parker, M.A., and S. A. Parker, O.S.B., M.A. First volume. 10s. 6d. net. (Kegan Paul.)

emotion and admiration of the valiant Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines? Which of us was prepared to find a Manual of Modern Scholastic Philosophy by Cardinal Mercier and various professors at Louvain, not in Latin of the schools but French, and not in French only, but in an English version? Here it lies notwithstanding, made under Benedictine auspices and introduced by a professor at Maynooth. "In these pages," says the preface, "is a message from Louvain, a little of the truth that is indestructible." Let us see therefore after what manner this scholastic philosophy is modern and in what sense it is offered as an instalment of the verity which does not pass. To describe such a work in a sentence is a dangerous literary experiment, and it shall be only as to one of its aspects that I will call it a criticism of modern thought in the light of Thomist philosophy. It is modern certainly, since it marshals modern speculations and tests them, which work is done under a keen light of unimpassioned intellect, without misrepresentation and without mercy. *Ex hypothesi* it stands for indestructible truth, because there is no sense in which the findings of St. Thomas Aquinas are not the findings of the Latin Church. Technically and officially that Church may do no more than tolerate the teachings of any doctor, however sanctified in its annals; but actually the angel of the schools is the word of its orthodoxy made flesh; and he is naturally the final court of appeal throughout this volume. What indeed is his own master, Albert the Great, beside him? What is Peter Lombard, save only the master of sentences and a peg for Thomist discourses? It is Aquinas—he and no other—who took "his seat upon the intellectual throne" in the thirteenth century, and about him the hierarchy is grouped. His is the *philosophia perennis* and his that "old and new philosophy of the Christian schools" which Dr. Coffey mentions in his Preface. Behind him stands Aristotle, a portentous shape in the pre-Christian half-light; but St. Thomas stands in broad noon. As a mental exercise, I have come across nothing in these recent days to compare with the bracing effect of following through these long pages—so often inspired by him—the careful and unsparing skill which has taken modern systems to pieces and modern exponents of systems, from Kant onward. The impression conveyed is that of no stone left standing on another, while above them all stands, in a great aureola, he only who wrote "Summa totius Theologiæ" and "Summa contra Gentiles." The impression is also and therefore that our modern philosophical systems "have their day"—as if a space between solstice and equinox. "They have their day and cease to be." The things which are best among them are but "broken lights" from a Thomist philosophy of things. I speak as a mystic who is not within the schools, but it is this which chiefly or only, through the ages of Christendom, has given a sufficing value to the reason of our human nature, by establishing its quality of correspondence with the Supreme Intelligence and Sovereign Reason of God. It is keenest and clearest of all ordered thinking on the most vital of all subjects. Witness the treatise "De Anima," its reflection into three chapters on the human soul in the present "handbook," or the little study of Vonier, which depends chiefly from St. Thomas. Given only certain postulates, there is a free way into a world of certitude grounded in unescapable logic. What then is the criticism of the great Thomist scheme and its translation into "modern scholasticism"? How comes it that there is still no end to questing, no end to the old debate? It is precisely because it is pure system, a rational education of thought. Perfect in all its parts, honourable to the makers, consummately adjusted, joint to joint, everywhere, it does not communicate life, nor answer to experience within. Amidst these modes and forms of intellectualism, the chambers of the mind are lighted, but the soul starves, while the vital essence of things slips through and escapes. So it comes about in the last resource that we place "Summa Theologica" on a shelf above but still in the same bookcase as "Ars Magna" and the vast commentary of Hannibal Rosselius—the Calabrian Minorite friar—on "Pymander Mercurii Trismegisti." I know which of them is my intellectual consolation when the mind needs ministration through logical forms; but the soul must go in search of experience into its own temple, if the soul would know.

A. E. WAITE.

FINGER RINGS.*

To illustrate to any adequate extent the large part which the ring has played in history, in legend and in poetry, would involve writing a monograph voluminous enough to fill a library. In "Rings for the Finger," his latest study in the art of the jeweller and the lapidary, Dr. Kunz makes no such impossibly ambitious attempt. He tells the story of the ring from the earliest known times to the present. He describes the origin, the early making, the forms and the materials of the ring. He relates its use as a sign of affection, of love, of engagement, of marriage and of mourning. He discourses of signet rings, ecclesiastical rings, rings of healing and of poisoning, magic and talismanic rings. He devotes a chapter to some interesting rings of history, English and Continental. And he reproduces 290 illustrations—three of them in

* "Rings for the Finger: From the Earliest Known Times to the Present." By George Frederick Kunz, Ph.D., Sc.D., A.M. 28s. net. (J. B. Lippincott Company.)

Daughter of Chee Dodge, Navajo Indian.

She wears rings of silver set with turquoise.
From "Rings for the Finger," by G. F. Kunz (Lippincott).

colour—which add materially to the value of his work, and are indeed an integral part of it. But though he deals fairly completely with the history and evolution of the ring, he rarely turns aside to dwell on the romantic aspect of his subject; while his failure to trace from century to century and from country to country variations of fashion in form, in inscription, in decoration and in jewelling may not disqualify his book, readable and instructive as it is, to rank as a popular manual, but deprives it of valid claim to be reckoned an achievement of scholarship. Moreover, "Rings for the Finger" has no sense of history, of glamour or of gusto. All of which dispraise implies a doubt whether Dr. Kunz has been sufficiently steeped in his subject to convey his interest to the reader. The ring as an emblem of eternity ("I saw Eternity the other night, Like a great Ring of pure and endless light, All calm as it was bright," says Vaughan) and as a symbol of rank and of office, should doubtless be treated as a branch of archæology; but assuredly it might be made to wear a little more vital and a little more fascinating appearance than it assumes under Dr. Kunz's presentation.

A COMEDY OF MIDDLE AGE.*

This is the age of the exaltation of youth. The nineteenth century died to the call raised generally in literature and drama that our children should be freed from the leading strings of age. Ibsen's phrase of "the younger generation knocking at the door" became a motto of the time and a commonplace even in the mouths of the philistines who hated him as an iconoclast. Parents unconsciously relaxed the rules of discipline. Boys and girls turned the tables on tradition and took up the task of educating their seniors. Fathers and mothers contentedly sank to the position of elder brothers and sisters of their independent offspring. With the result that it could be said that never before had youth had so good a time. Then came the war, and once more age was taught its place, for in every sphere of battle, and most of all in the most dangerous spheres, the cry was for the young and their fearlessness and dash and initiative. It is our lads of little more than school years who are our heroes, and, alas, have provided the hecatombs of our dead; and age must look on while its liberty is purchased at the sacrifice of its children's lives. No wonder we worship youth today! How glad we must be we gave it its head!

Si jeunesse savait runs the sad proverb, and adds the correlative *si vieillesse voulait*. With the rediscovery of the power of the young there goes as accompaniment eld's sorry recognition of its own impotence. Our modern art has long reflected both sides of the equation. If novelists and dramatists have hymned the glory of youth, they have also, often in self-pity, wooed our smiles and an occasional tear for the corresponding spectacle of the elderly realising their limitations. Rather late in the day the author of "Dodo" takes up his parable on this theme and offers us in "Mr. Teddy" a comedy of the disillusionments of middle age. Teddy Heaton is an artist who has no need to work for his living, and has gone on playing the dilettante and spending his best hours in attendance on an exacting and valetudinarian mother till, at forty, he perceives middle age approaching with none of his youthful ambitions attained. Many pictures vigorously begun, only one finished—that is the record which faces him and brings home to him uncomfortable facts about himself. Now most of us learn the lesson of our limitations long before we reach Mr. Teddy's age. With him the discovery was delayed because the whole society of Lambton was in a conspiracy to make him still think himself youthful. Teddy and Miss Daisy, the woman friend he ought long before to have married only that his selfish mother stood in the way, had always been the youngest members of the community, its leaders in sport and entertainments and social life, and naturally only by keeping up the fiction of their youth could Lambton avoid feeling old itself. Mr. E. F. Benson conveys this impression of a middle-aged society, complacently maintaining its routine in defiance of time with his customary facility. You scarcely appreciate what small beer he is chronicling, so realistically and amusingly does he sketch the relationships and reproduce the gossip of his tiny country town.

Then upon this Sleepy Hollow of a place there comes an invasion. It is only an invasion of two, but those two are genuinely young boy and girl with all the brightness and irrepressible energy of youth. Robin is Teddy's undergraduate cousin. Rosemary is the little daughter of a new-comer to Lambton, and it is Teddy who is responsible for bringing them together and enabling them to ally their forces since he persuades them to sit as models for Dante and Beatrice respectively, in a picture that is to be his *chef d'œuvre*. Most entertainingly does the novelist show us how this pair wield the wand of youth over the community, how Teddy and Daisy and the rest strive feverishly to emulate their vivacity, are deposed as impostors as soon as real youth exposes their pretensions, and realise at length, by different ways, that only the young can compete with the young. Mr. Teddy may fall in love with pretty Rosemary, but he stands no chance against such a rival as Robin. And quite rightly, too; otherwise Mr. Benson would have robbed us of some charming episodes descriptive of youth unconsciously in love. Miss Daisy may try—poor dear!—the aids of dye and cosmetics, but it is not with these that she is going to recapture Teddy's wandering affections. Both cut quaint figures while they caper to the pipings of youth, and again when they sink, as it were, exhausted after their efforts. But all Lambton is more or less in the same case. Not often has an artist presented the spectacle of a whole district painfully dancing in the wake of boyhood and girlhood. Mr. Benson has done it, and done it very cleverly. Incidentally he is responsible for two brilliantly realised types. One is a sort of minor Jane Austen, a mannish and, as it proves, stoical lady novelist, whose serials run in the Lambton parish magazine; the other is Mr. Teddy's invalid mother, for ever prating about her peer father's estates and pheasants and horses and carriages, for ever attributing to her devoted son her own vice of selfishness. No story could be charged with triviality which contained so scrupulously thought-out a portrait as Mrs. Heaton. Congratulations, Mr. Benson!

F. G. BETTANY.

* "Mr. Teddy." By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

VARIOUS POETS.*

Part of the popularity of the stanzas of Omar, or Fitzgerald, are due to their extended applicability. They fit so many cases. Hence the number of half serious parodies which they have provoked. Their latest adaptor is Mr. Hugh E. Wright,[1] who finds the cynical familiar phrases apt to describe the tragi-comedy of the theatrical life. Thus:

"Myself, when young, did eagerly frequent
Chorus, and Stars, and heard great Argument
About it, and about; yet Evermore
Came out with less of Cash than in I went. . . .

Then to the Highest Star himself I cried,
Asking: 'What Magic Lamp hast Thou, to guide
The struggling Actor, stumbling in the Dark?'
And but, 'The great god, Fortune!' he replied."

Elsewhere Mr. Wright remembers Kipling effectively:

"The thing that is true to the cultured few,
Is a lie on the Brixton Road!"

Which is good philosophy as well as neat writing. Indeed, Mr. Wright does what he sets out to do very well. His humour and his pathos are rather for the recitation platform than the "cultured few," but if he has not achieved poetry, he has produced some swinging verses which have both feeling and accomplishment.

[1] "The Rubaiyat of an Actor, and Other Stage Rhymes." By Hugh E. Wright. 2s. 6d. net. (Humphreys.)

Mr. Marshall Roberts's "Songs in Sunshine and Shadow,"[2] on the other hand, are poetry or nothing; and opinion may differ as to which. Produced in a manner which, especially in these days of paper famine, are rather suggestive of the affluent amateur, they consist of a lot of little pieces about love and nature and things, which are eminently poetic. But they lack distinction, although they may very possibly be to the taste of those who like the verses printed in the illustrated magazines.

Mr. Ezra Pound is more entertaining.[3] With bricks from the palaces of China and the châteaux of Provence he has built a rococo maisonette, and has decorated and furnished it from post-omega workshops in which he himself holds some of the shares. The result is often amusing and occasionally arresting. Mr. Pound has, together with the cleverness of an American advertisement writer, a hankering after a beauty of which he sometimes gets, and gives us, glimpses in image or simile, such as:

"For a moment she rested against me
Like a swallow half blown to the wall."

or:

"As cool as the pale wet leaves
Of lily-of-the-valley,
She lay beside me in the dawn."

He has wit too, which does not always come off, but sometimes does:

"Candidia has taken a new lover
And three poets are gone into mourning.
The first has written a long elegy to 'Chloris,'
To 'Chloris chaste and cold,' his 'only Chloris.'
The second has written a sonnet upon the mutability of woman,
And the third writes an epigram to Candidia."

So his virtues, though only occasionally manifested, compensate for the irritation he causes us—and, of course, delights to cause us—and he disarms criticism with his "Epilogue":

"O chansons foregoing
You were a seven days' wonder,
When you came out in the magazines
You created considerable stir in Chicago,

And now you are stale and worn out,
You're a very depleted fashion,
A hoop-skirt, a calash,
An homely, transient antiquity.

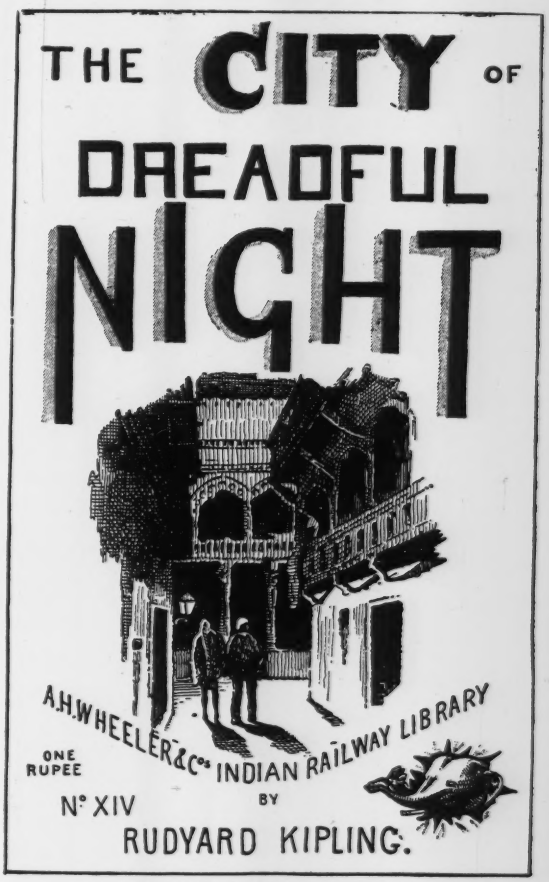
Only emotion remains.
Your emotions?
Are those of a maitre-de-café."

Presumably Mr. Pound's translations from the Chinese are more like Chinese poetry than the "Chinese Lyrics" of Pai Ta-shun[4]: they are certainly less like English. The latter writer's name looks oriental, and his book is bound in yellow silk, dedicated "To my Ancestors," and illustrated with reproductions of authentic old Chinese paintings, but it contains nothing which might not have been written by an Englishman or an American with some knowledge of Chinese legend and thought. Some of the poems, however, are pretty enough, as "Ghost Foxes."

"There is a pack of foxes
Out in the wintry wood,
Snow-white and still and ghostly.
Is it for ill or good?

White trees, white earth and whiter
Beneath the deodars,
There stand the still white foxes
And stare at the white stars!"

Miss Antoinette de Coursey Patterson[5] is a countrywoman of Mr. Pound's, but she is as orthodox in her form as he is eccentric. Her tastes are evidently classical, part of her book consists of translations from Voltaire—epigrams to Madame du Chatelet, Madame du Boccage, and others—and many of her original poems are epigrammatic. She has a very decided gift for a kind of writing of which the following are happy examples:



Reproduction of a rare Cover.

From "The Less Familiar Kipling and Kiplingana," by C. F. Monkshood (Jarrold), which was recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN.

THE DUENNA.

"I know she thought, that old duenna Night,
My gaze had too enamoured grown—because
She swift snatched up a veil of silver gauze
And hid her sweet Moon-Princess from my sight."

MISUNDERSTOOD.

"Day has a kindly, loving heart, they say,
While night is made of cold and silent hours;
But often, after night has gone away,
I've found her tears upon the grass and flowers."

THE RUSSIAN DANCER.

"Over the lighted wood a rose-winged flame
Plays softly. Can I in my mem'ry find
Aught that's so silent, lovely? Ah! a name,
Pavlowa, flits as lightly through my mind."

Charming are the lines on Queen Nitocris, "The Rosy-Cheeked."

"Four thousand years ago you ruled the Nile;
To-day, if one to read your story seeks,
He finds scant record of your truth or guile,
But always you were fair, with rosy cheeks.

So when they tell me brief is beauty's power,
It's influence no sooner felt than gone,
I think of a young queen whose earthly dower
Redeems her memory from oblivion."

Epigrams are also among the best things in Mr. Shane Leslie's slim volume[6]—epitaphs for aviators and for soldiers fallen in the Great War, whether they be men

[2] "Songs in Sunshine and Shadow." By Marshall Roberts. 3s. 6d. net. (Humphreys.)
[3] "Lustra." By Ezra Pound. 5s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)
[4] "Chinese Lyrics." By Pai Ta-Shun. (Kelly & Welsh.)
[5] "The Son of Merope, and Other Poems." By Antoinette de Coursey Patterson. $1.25. (Philadelphia: Fisher & Co.)
[6] "Verses in Peace and War." By Shane Leslie. 2s. 6d. net. (Burns & Oates.)

known, such as Rupert Brooke and Charles Lister, or part of the numberless, nameless host. Mr. Leslie is a Catholic and an Irish patriot, and his poem of "The Two Mothers" is one of his best.

"On the hill of weeping
Mother Mary spake unto Granuaile:
'Little Mother, why so sad and pale?'
'Half my sons are sleeping,'
Unto Mother Mary said Granuaile,
'And the rest are keeping
Weary watch beneath a windless sail.'
'Mother, hush your weeping,'
Mary Mother said unto Granuaile:
'They are in my keeping,
Where their hearts and hands can never fail,
And the rest are sleeping
But to rise again in freedom's gale,'
Mary Mother spake unto Granuaile."

But although that is very pleasant writing, it is on a different plane from Miss Evelyn Underhill's "Theophanies."[7] Few of Miss Underhill's readers will have her vision, and many will not share her point of view, but she has that power of persuading us to see as she does which Guy de Maupassant said was the mark of the great artist. Her emotion is authentic and she has the art to make us share it, and it is an emotion of remarkable intensity founded on unique religious experience. Miss Underhill's historical and critical writings on mysticism are well known, and her poetry proves that her interest in the subject is not merely intellectual.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

THE WAY OF WONDER.*

"Woman's devotion to man, honour of him, reverence for the God she discovers in him," is Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's summing-up of the chief contents of this remarkable book of verse. The unusual burthen of the theme is in keeping with the strong originality of the volume generally. Well-read lovers of poetry would find it difficult to detect any echoes in Miss Doney's work. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, writing with the fine gusto of conviction, affirms this volume to be made of the true stuff of poetry, and claims kinship for it with the great devotional singers and mystics of the earlier seventeenth century. This has only to be pointed out to become obvious, but it is of some importance to insist that the connection is indicated by "kinship" and not by "influence." Indeed, we should not be surprised to learn that Miss Doney had never read a word of her spiritual kinsmen, Crashaw, Vaughan and Traherne; for the similarity is one of outlook and not of expression, and is such as we may confidently look for in the work of true poets who seek for fine symbols to express their deep sense of the joy and the beauty of all the lovely things of thought and life. The reader of this volume can never for a moment be in doubt that poetry is part and parcel of the author's life, and that in very truth she is pouring out her soul:

"I have been broken; and I hunger, burning
To feed the hearts for whom I am made bread;
I have been poured out; and I thirst, in yearning
For these to drink for whom the wine is red.

"My words are joy and peace, desire and wonder,
Beauty and truth and ecstasy and praise;
Nothing is dark in them; for over and under
And through them glows the light of perfect days.

"Take me, oh! world of sisters and of brothers!
Eat, drink of life's slow-ripened utterings;
Give me the heaven of being a loaf to others,
A pitcher of the everlasting things."

These and many other verses in this little volume will, we think, long blossom in future anthologies, and carry to an ever-increasing circle the healing that is the magic gift of true poetry. Miss Doney's poems are as passionately and splendidly feminine in substance as they are virile in expression and technique.

[7] "Theophanies." By Evelyn Underhill. 3s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

* "The Way of Wonder." By May Doney. With an Introduction by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. 3s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

THE BRITISH CAMPAIGN IN FRANCE AND FLANDERS OF 1915.*

In the previous volume of this work Sir Arthur Conan Doyle dealt with the history of the British campaign in France and Flanders for the year 1914; in the present one he records the doings of the Army during the succeeding year. The three years of the war, the author states, may be roughly divided into the year of defence, the year of equilibrium, and the year of attack. It is the second to which our attention is now directed, and though less dramatic than the first or third, it is nevertheless a glorious record of the achievements of our gallant and unconquerable Army. The operations dealt with include those of Neuve Chapelle and Hill 60, the second battle of Ypres, the battle of Richeburg-Festubert, and the battle of Loos. By far the greater part of the volume is devoted to the battle of Ypres and that of Loos, which took place in the spring and autumn of 1915 respectively. In the former the Germans were the attackers, the result of which was in favour of our foe, though unworthily—nay, criminally gained; in the latter we assumed the offensive which pushed forward our front for a distance of nearly two and a half miles on a line extending to close upon four miles, but as the writer observes:

"If one be asked what exact advantage this gain brought, save as a visible sign of military virtue, it is hard to find an answer. Had the gain gone to that farther distance which was hoped for and aimed at, the battle might, as in the case of the French in Champagne, have been a considerable victory. As it was, the best that we can claim is that one or two more such advances in the same neighbourhood would bring the valuable French coalfields [at Lens] back to their rightful owners."

Even now, nearly two years after the battle, the rightful owners still remain ousted out of their possession. Our troops are, however, gradually surrounding Lens and its fall cannot be long delayed. Had the Russians only been ready when we were for this year's early offensive, our efforts as regards that town might have been more effective. Much may now be expected on our front as a result of the great Russian advance.

The outstanding feature of the battle of Loos centres in the fact that it was the first occasion on which the men of the New Army were used on a large scale. The qualities of the Regular and Territorial Forces had already been well attested, and these qualities were magnificently matched by their brothers in arms of the new formations. After their intense training for a year it was fully expected that the infantry would do well, "but," the author writes:

"It was a surprise to many British soldiers, and a blow to the prophets in Berlin, to find that the scientific branches, the gunners and the sappers, had also reached a high level. 'Our enemy may have hoped,' said Sir John French, 'not perhaps without reason, that it would be impossible for us, starting with such small beginnings, to build up an efficient artillery to provide for the very large expansion of the Army. If he entertained such hopes he has now good reason to know that they have not been justified by the result. The efficiency of the artillery of the new armies has exceeded all expectations.'"

And this efficiency has, with the progress of events, gone on from strength to strength, and no longer now can operations be stayed from lack of munitions and ordnance of the proper calibre.

The high level of excellence attained by the author in his previous war books is admirably maintained in the present work, and it is impossible for any reader to close the volume without feeling his heart beat quicker and his whole being glow with enthusiastic admiration for and gratitude to those dauntless officers and men who are so worthily upholding the honour and reputation of their predecessors, and who themselves will be a shining example for their successors.

We look forward with intense eagerness for the next instalment, which will continue the campaign down to the end of last year.

* "The British Campaign in France and Flanders, 1915." By Arthur Conan Doyle. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

We would strongly urge that in this forthcoming volume the maps and plans of the various engagements of the great Somme push should be detached and placed in a pocket at the end of the book. Also that the supply of such essential aids to a complete understanding of the operations should be lavish rather than stinted. And perhaps a more detailed attention to the compilation of the index is called for.

S. BUTTERWORTH.

A MODERN VOICE.*

Edgar Lee Masters is in process of becoming one of the foremost American poets, and not of these days alone. "The Great Valley" marks a stage forward; even although it does not repeat the surprise and success of "Spoon River Anthology." It shows a definite advance in range and quality on its predecessor, "Songs and Satires"; and, beside the requisite courage and lucidity of thought, displays a promising variety of experiment. Mr. Masters is rather a poet who thinks than a poet who sings. He rarely finds music; his verse seldom has charm, though at times it attains to both these qualities. Nevertheless, his is an individual voice expressing the ideas and emotions of his place and time. He is essentially modern, and as outspoken as Whitman: there are, indeed, stanzas in "Steam Shovel Cut" more unpleasantly frank than the most open assertions of Walt.

It is because he is so modern and characteristically American in thought and message that he gives promise of being a representative poet of his country. As a patriot he is not for spread-eagleism. He looks somewhat askance on the imperialistic tendencies of his countrymen; though the glimpses he gives us of the opposite tendency, stay-at-home politics, are not impressive. He has, as experience has before testified, a special eye for the rogue with opportunities, and is for ever contrasting the infinite and eternal with the sordid littleness and vulgarity, the weakness, cunning, criminality, that hamper and maim civilisation and ultimately find harbourage in the gaol, or the brothel, or the millionaire's palace. Irony is not so marked in this volume as it was in his earlier work; but its effectiveness is not overlooked. Here is a passage, characteristic, from "The Subway":

"It's a day in March
When the colours are brilliantly white and blue;
And it's cold except for Poles and Italians
Who dig with spades and cut with picks.
And some of these fellows are digging us up,
We lie in the way of the subway, you know.
And they dump our bones in a careless heap,
The ribs of me by the ribs of you,
My skull lies ignorant by your skull.
And behold our poor arms are entwined,
For death, you know, is a mocker of Life.
And there we lie like stocks and stones,
And where is our love and where is your fear?
And a young Pole pushes our bones together
With a lusty shove of his heavy shoe,
And he says to another: 'You saw that girl
I was dancing with last night?
Well, I don't think I'm the only one.
And besides she bothers me most to death.
And as soon as this subway job is over,
Which will be in a year, or year and a half,
I'm going to beat it back to Poland.'
Then the other beginning to shovel muttered:
1976.'"

That is quite in the mood of the Spoon River book; but there are other moods and modes of expression as well. Simple pathos is touched in "Playing Blind"; there is some admirable fancy in "The Search," wherein Hamlet, Quixote, Pantagruel, and one other who sleeps in the open "to study the Zodiac," go on quest together and come to the court of Old King Cole; and, once again, especially in the earlier poems which play around Chicago, there is a warm, vigorous, adoring love for that noblest saint and hero in the history of America, Abraham Lincoln.

"The Great Valley" is a book that will fill for more than a transient time a space on the library shelf; for despite its obvious imperfections, mainly due to crabbedness of style, it is a definite part of the making of a poet whose name promises to be numbered among the first of those of his countrymen whose instruments are thought, imagination and the pen.

C. E. L.

* "The Great Valley." By Edgar Lee Masters. 6s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

THE QUEST OF LEDGAR DUNSTAN.*

Mr. Sheppard has followed up "The Rise of Ledgar Dunstan" by a sequel, and sequels are challenging things. Those who read the previous story will be prepared to find that this begins with a honeymoon and ends with one. The hero obviously married the wrong woman, and he was not long in finding out his mistake. Mary used "awfully" too often, and when a husband on his honeymoon begins to calculate that if he and she live for twenty years she will have dinned his ears with that word nearly three hundred thousand times; when he, an author, learns from his beloved that George Washington discovered America, that Tennyson wrote "In Memorandum," and that Dr. Johnson was Rare Ben, the elements of a social tragedy are not far away, especially when the young lady discovers her affinity with a young American art student, who boxes better than her husband. So Mary deserts him, and Dunstan is left stranded. He attempts to exchange personalities with a wretched creature who commits suicide in his lodgings at Paris. Then he marries Winnie, his soul-mate, and the book ends with some promise of happiness for both.

Mr. Sheppard again makes play with the psychology of lunatics, this time with the confessions of a being who believes he is Antichrist incarnate. There are a number of clever and penetrating things in the book. But it is not particularly artistic in form. The account of Dunstan in Paris smacks of Balzac, and the story of the hero's conversion, if conversion it can be called, in a Nonconformist London chapel, has echoes also, though it is skilfully managed. But the rambling, chaotic philosophy which is spread over the middle part of the book does not hold the reader, who hurries on to catch Mr. Sheppard observing life and drawing character, both of which he can do briskly when he forgets to be re-arranging the universe. We should have liked, for example, to have had more about Mary, who develops wonderfully after she leaves Dunstan. Winnie does not compensate for her predecessor. The book closes with her listening to Dunstan reading Balzac after tea, on the day they had been married, and remarking, "Oh, Ledgar, the world is *so* kind!" It is soothing in these days of strife to hear such a note struck, but it is not heroic, even though Winnie lit a cigarette before she sat down on a hassock to listen to the story.

It is in analysis and imaginative power, particularly on the side of the religious temperament, that Mr. Sheppard is strong. His second story of Dunstan so far confirms the impression made by the first. There is less humour perhaps in the sequel than in its predecessor, but one odd fact is mentioned which may be new to some readers. The ruthless Mary asked her husband to put his hands on the table and clasp one over the other, interlocking the fingers. It seems that if you close the left hand over the right you are a weak person. Mary herself always put the right over the left.

JAMES MOFFATT.

LOEB'S LIBRARY.†

The new volumes in this excellent series, the merits of which we have but recently had occasion to commend, comprise three Greek authors and one Latin. Seneca's

* "The Quest of Ledgar Dunstan." By Alfred Tresidder Sheppard. 6s. (Duckworth.)

† "The Geography of Strabo." Translated by Horace Leonard Jones, A.M., Ph.D. Based in part on an unfinished version of John Robert Sitlington Sterret, Ph.D., LL.D. In 3 vols. Vol. I.—"The Greek Anthology." Translated by W. R. Paton. In 5 vols. Vol. II.—"Achilles Tatius." Translated by S. Gaselee, M.A.—"Seneca's Tragedies." Translated by Frank Justus Miller, Ph.D. 2 vols. The Loeb Classical Library. 5s. net each volume. (W. Heinemann.)

XUM

Tragedies are by no means the least interesting of this batch. Although based on Greek originals, they are far from slavish copies, and are valuable as "the sole surviving representatives of an extensive Roman product in the tragic drama" as well as examples of literature belonging to the age of Nero. To the student of English literature they make a still further appeal on account of their influence on Elizabethan tragedy. The love of sensational horror and forced rhetoric, characteristic in much of English drama in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, is undoubtedly due to large extent to the study of Seneca whose "Tenne Tragedies" first appeared in English in 1581.

The romance by Achilles Tatius of the Adventures of Leucippe and Clitophon, as well as the Geography of Strabo, have long been accessible in Bohn's Classical Library; the former in the volume of Greek Romances. Both of these works are rather for the student than for the general reader, and these new editions are therefore justified by their useful editorial apparatus. The new Achilles Tatius is also distinguished by having been compared with the earliest manuscript extant, a papyrus now in the Bodleian Library, from which the editor has been able to restore a passage not to be found in any other transcript.

The new volume of the Greek Anthology is very welcome, containing as it does the wonderful collection of Sepulchral Epigrams. The genuine epitaphs—those actually engraved on tombstones—are comparatively few in number, most of them being, as the editor observes, poetical exercises in the form of epitaphs. The writing of lapidary inscriptions is evidently a lost art. An excellent epitaph is now one of the rarest forms of poetical composition. Modern poets might do worse than try their hands at this kind of thing. One of the most interesting and successful pieces in this class of work is W. J. Cory's well-known rendering of the epigram by Callimachus on Heraclitus of Halicarnassus, the elegiac poet. The translation in the Anthology is as follows:

"One told me of thy death, Heraclitus, and it moved me to tears, when I remembered how often the sun set on our talking. And thou, my Halicarnassian friend, liest somewhere gone long, long ago to dust; but they live, thy nightingales, on which Hades, who seizeth all, shall not lay his hand."

Cory has made of this beautiful inscription a still more beautiful version in English:

"They told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead;
They brought me bitter news to hear, and bitter tears to shed;
I wept as I remembered, how often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking, and sent him down the sky.

"And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,
A handful of grey ashes, long, long ago at rest;
Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake,
For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take."

This is more of an elegiac poem than an epitaph. Here is an epigram on the death of a child:

"The Girl is gone to Hades before her time, in her seventh year, before all her playmates, hapless child, longing for her little brother, who twenty months old tasted of loveless death. Alas, Peristera (little dove), for thy sad fate! How hath Heaven decreed that the very path of men should be sown with calamities!"

There are many such epitaphs; and in the same category, inscriptions for parents, slaves, and friends. Public characters are also commemorated; there are several on Thais. To this class belongs that on Ariston:

"The castanet dancer Ariston, who used to toss her hair among the pines in honour of Cybele, carried away by the music of the horned flute; she who could empty one upon the other three cups of untempered wine, rests here beneath the poplars, no more taking delight in love and the fatigue of the night-festivals. A long farewell to revels and frenzy! It lies low, the holy head that was covered erst by garlands of flowers."

And one Tellen whose epitaph has survived his works:

"I am the tomb of Tellen, and under ground I hold the old man, who was the first to learn to compose comic songs."

Among the quainter epigrams are epitaphs on birds, beasts, insects. Horses, mares, partridges, grasshoppers, locusts, all these are represented. Here is one on a lost pet:

"No longer my poor partridge, exiled from the rocks, does thy plaited house hold thee in its light withes; no longer in the shine of the bright-eyed Dawn dost thou shake the tips of thy sun-warmed wings. Thy head the cat bit off, but all the rest of thee I seized from her, nor did she satisfy her wicked jaws. Now may the dust lie not light on thee but heavy, lest she drag thy corpse from the tomb."

One more, and this with the real feeling of Arcadia. It is on a satyr:

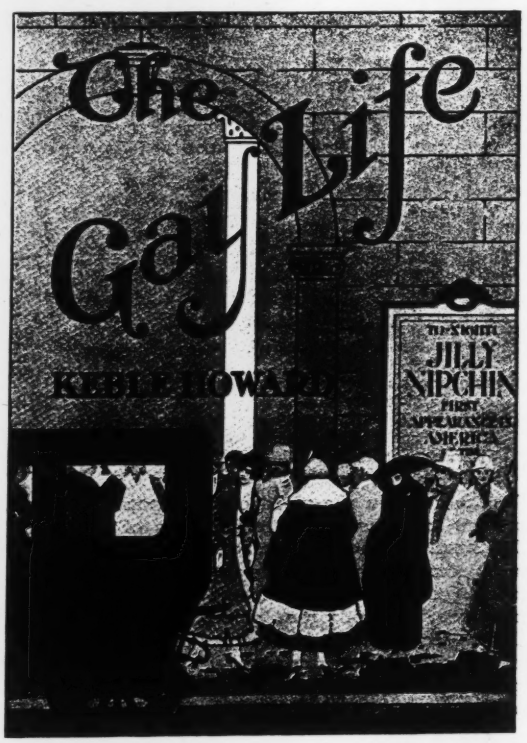
"Poor satyr who didst dwell on the hills of Calaenae, thou hangst from a leafy pine, thy beast-like body flogged by the winds, because thou didst enter on fatal strife with Phoebus; and no longer, as of old, shall we Nymphs hear on the Phrygian hills the honeyed notes of thy flute."

ROGER INGPEN.

THE GAY LIFE.*

Most novels of stage life are written by men who never trod the boards or wrote a play; looking on it from the outside, apparently, they see that the mummers are more Bohemian, less conventional than other people and, with that to go upon, they give their imagination the rein and squalid and unpleasant stories are the consequence. Keble Howard has both written plays and been before and behind the scenes as an actor; so you may take it that he writes of stage-life from the inside—he certainly writes of it with all the sympathy that comes of knowledge, and there is a little irony in the title he gives to the tale he has told of it. It is not literally a "gay" life, and yet these who live it do really live and love and laugh and are happy, and Mr. Keble Howard interests you immensely in their lives and loves, touches you with their sorrows, and moves you into laughing with them. Jilly Nipchin, the plucky little Cockney comedienne, is a delightful enough young person to make the fortune of any novel. She backs her native talent with a notable resourcefulness; makes good, not without difficulties, scores a big music-hall success that enables her to maintain her easy-going father and mother and young brother Orris in comfort,

* "The Gay Life." By Keble Howard. 6s. (John Lane.)



Cover Design from "The Gay Life."

and, growing up, passes from an innocent infatuation for her panel-doctor to the joy and anguish of a real love for the great American equilibrist, Ed. Chauncey, as knightly a soul as Galahad himself. Jilly, her many friends, her few enemies and her whole environment are admirably and vividly presented, and after all you feel, at the end, perhaps there is not so much irony in the title as you had thought, and that the author has justified the claim in his prefatory note that this is the gay life "because brave people, most of the time, are cheerful people, and there are no braver people than the men and women of the English-speaking stage." It is a strong, clean, intensely human story, showing stage-life in due perspective as more picturesque than the average but, when its lights as well as its shadows are taken into account, neither better nor worse than is life as we all know it.

CAUSERIES DE SAMEDI.*

To the onlie begetter of the insuing volume, Mr. H. W. (I hasten to say Hugh Walpole lest treatises should be written hereafter to prove that I meant Wells), all possible thanks and good-will; for it appears by the card that without the intervention of the said Mr. H. W. these bracing and delightful essayettes would have remained buried in back numbers of *The New Age*, where they appeared, during 1908–1911, over the signature of "Jacob Tonson."

The New Age, in its early years, was surely the very best penn'orth of periodical that ever was. For wholesome downrightness, for amiable audacity, for absence of the timid spirit of compromise induced in commercial papers by the freezing eye of the advertisement manager, *The New Age* was most remarkable. It was a joyous blend of gaiety and earnestness, and gave for a penny a week bigger names than you could get for half a crown a month. Then it rose to threepence, and became, as I thought, more commonplace. Later still it soared to sixpence, and so beyond my modest means. What it is like now I know not.

In the issue for March 21st, 1908, there appeared "Books and Persons; an Occasional Causerie," signed Jacob Tonson. True, the editor, happily oblivious of eighteenth century literary history, misprinted that famous name as "Jacob Towson"; but all was right the week after. I, quite ignorant of this second Jacob's identity, read his remarks each week with the indignant dislike an inferior scribe always feels for some one who writes better than he ever can. How I hated the fellow for the ease with which he could utter just the decisive *mot* of criticism with just the incisive economy of means! But though I hated, I read; and as each Saturday brought its batch of papers, I found myself turning with gloomy avidity first of all to the insolent vivacity of this Jacob. Then some one told me it was Arnold Bennett, and I understood, and became comparatively cheerful again.

Well, here is a volume of skimmings from this Saturday causerie, and capital stuff it is. Remember that much of it was written nine years ago, and that in nine years contemporary reputations go down like ninepins. But Jacob touched the spot. What Bursley thought nine years ago, England is thinking to-day. Bursley is used tropically; for, as a matter of fact, many of the papers were written when the author was living abroad. Jacob's formal pseudonymity, his absence from England, his own personal success, and his keen artistic courage, all combined to give him the emancipated detachment of a foreign critic; so he was able to write about the official mandarins and established reputations of literature with the hearty cheerful frankness that is to be found, as a rule, only in the privacy of table-talk. Indeed, Arnold Bennett, who has done so many things well, has here scored a unique success; for he has produced the one book of effective table-talk that we have. Hazlitt's volume so-called—and it is perhaps his best—is in fact a collection of lengthy essays. Selden's "Table Talk" is a carefully selected and assembled body of judgments in matters of Church and State delivered with all the authority of a profound legal mind. Coleridge's "Table Talk" is more like very fragmentary literary remains than the genuine utterances even of so hardened a monologuist. Bennett's book, however, not claiming to be table-talk, is really conversational in its artful ease and personal emphasis. If there is another book like it I should be glad to hear of it. Of course it has the defect of its quality. In talk you hear the asides of criticism. Inconsequence is often the essence of its charm. If anyone at table attempted to elaborate a creed of æsthetics you would very properly transfix him with the carving-knife.

In our literary judgments we are too often the creatures of habit and tradition. We take over a mass of opinions from general stock and give a timid, passive obedience to authority. How many people ever exercise their own intelligence in thought or exhibit the faintest show of intellectual courage? We acquiesce meekly in the tyranny of names and become the terrified victims of words. Fortunately, some are not submissive—Bennett for instance. He does in letters what another Table Talker, Holmes's Professor, tells us we must do in religion: he depolarizes the words (or names) to which a sort of fictitious sanctity has become attached. Inevitably, therefore, he readjusts our other literary values. If you put down the mighty from their seats, you thereby exalt the humble and meek. When half-gods go, the gods arrive. So, if anything in the book is finer than the author's deft depilation of the mandarins and deflation of the windbags, it is his generous, hearty praise for the merits of his fellow-craftsmen. He writes without fear or favour, and must expect indignant retort. If stuff is bad he downs it, no matter how powerful the name attached; if stuff is good, he exalts it, no matter how obscure the scribe. In one paper he points out that we have in England no first-class writers whose main production has lain along the lines of literary criticism. We have no Taine or Sainte-Beuve who combined quality so good with quantity so huge. Our finest criticism has been generally a side line in the activity of certain distinguished poets and prosemen. It is to this class that Arnold Bennett's own book belongs. It is the table-talk of a creative artist. The papers are slight, but they have their flavour—an English flavour touched with Gallic salt. They manage to combine the questing curiosity of youth with the sage awareness of maturity. They are but crumbs of criticism, but they are crumbs from the rich table of an excellent craftsman passionately interested in his art.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

* "Books and Persons; being Comments on a Past Epoch." By Arnold Bennett. 5s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

Novel Notes.

MR. RUBY JUMPS THE TRACES. By Shan F. Bullock. 5s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

John Ruby is a model City clerk—a typical one of the thousands who leave their suburban homes at the same hour every morning, every day, all the year round, Sundays and holidays excepted. Mr. Shan Bullock has drawn him and his family and friends with the most intimate understanding. You see him pottering in his garden; a little autocrat with his wife and son and three daughters; a little fussy but quite competent at the office where he is respected but laughed at for his peculiarities. Then comes a spring morning when, after fifty years of this automatic, caged existence, he suddenly realises how cramped and narrow and dull it is, and is filled with a surging desire to break away from it all, to see something more of the world, to have a change and taste freedom. He fights against this feeling, but it strengthens and overmasters him, and on the way to his office one morning he turns aside and plays truant, and before the day is over has sent a letter home to say he is unexpectedly called away on business, and has booked a passage to Gibraltar. His unwonted experiences and adventures and their effect on him are admirably told; they are harmless enough,

even though they include a brief, naïve passion for a sensible, sympathetic, very charming Mrs. Dalmish whom he meets on board; but there is a touch of tragedy in the result when he nervously returns home to find that his wife has lost all her old faith in him, and cannot be brought to believe in his simple confession of where he has been and why he went. It is a story of the little people, the humble lives that make up so much of the world of London and of all big cities—of the progress of a secular pilgrim, yearning late in the day to get rid of his burden of monotonous work, and have a glimpse of the Delectable Mountains, and paying for his rebellion. Except for one of his daughters, those who love him best least understand his outbreak. The key-note of the book is humour, but it has an underlying sense of pathos even in the happiness of its ending. It is emphatically a book to read and to enjoy, for its story and for its genial, tolerant philosophy.

SECRET BREAD. By F. Tennyson Jesse. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)

Miss Tennyson Jesse is of the writers who matter. There are in "Secret Bread" nearly all the qualities that go to make up the writing which is the stuff of Life. She sees with extraordinary vividness, and her landscapes are illuminated for the reader as though by lightning. The story is most abundant and most leisurely. It is a big canvas crowded with figures, not one superfluous or forgotten. "Secret Bread" is a remarkable, unusual book. It is written with a kind of passion out of a rich vocabulary: it has style; it has pretty well all the literary gifts. If the book lacks anything it is a certain sensitiveness. There are episodes in the book which caused the present reviewer to feel—well, sickly. The same episodes handled by, say, Hardy—would have had none of that effect. Of course, Miss Tennyson Jesse writes of coarse and primitive people. One doubts that any woman can handle animal passions without revolting her readers. The present reviewer *crept* before she knew that F. Tennyson Jesse was a woman. Perhaps it is a tribute to the faithfulness of the artistry, for men can handle such things with more aloofness. There are other beautiful primitive passions in the book—the passion for the land, for example, and for the old house. These are big things, greatly rendered. It is the "Secret Bread" of the book, and one loves Ishmael Ruan the more because of his almost impossible unlikeness to the clay-cold sensualists of whom he is sprung. The skies and the landscapes are a part of this story of a man's life, and play their part, as do the skies and landscapes of a Hardy novel. Miss Jesse knows her country well. When Ishmael goes ploughing one smells the broken earth turned up by the plough. The hatred of cruelty in the book is a fine personal quality, but it takes from the impartiality of the true maker. Are the Cornish so abominably cruel? Then one turns one's back for ever upon the Delectable Duchy.

IN MIO'S YOUTH. By Jane Barlow. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Miss Barlow's genius was for the *conte*, and she did not often go outside her particular medium. This is the second of her long stories, and it makes one sorry that there are not many of them, for she brought to the construction of this long story just the qualities which made the excellence of her short stories. Perhaps, indeed, this has a new quality, for it is excellent in its minute detail, and that is something which in the short story must be sacrificed to sharp, dramatic effect. Miss Barlow's gift was for quietness, and this story has few clamours or sensations. It has careful and delicate character-drawing. It has humour, insight, sympathy, and the sense of beauty. It is less idyllic than Miss Barlow's earlier work. There is less background of Irish landscape, and her peasants are less winning than of old, but that is perhaps because of a closer observation. Some one said once to another Irish idyllist, some one who knew and loved the peasants: "They are a great deal worse than you make them out, and a great deal better." So perhaps Miss Barlow's peasant has gained in sincerity what he has lost in the idyllic atmosphere. There are a great many people in the book, all closely observed and thoroughly convincing, and one follows the quiet narrative with absorbed interest, feeling that it is life. But the best thing in the book is the small childhood of Mio, the orphan, in the ramshackle Irish country-house of her uncle, with his large family of children. Little Mio, whom one grows to know and love, emerges from the quaint secret childhood and finds a lover, and the book ends with the beginning of the war; and that, we think, is a harsh note of reality, for this last book we shall have from Jane Barlow's hand has an abundant leisureliness. It might belong to any time, and did not need to be violently dated. Miss Barlow's gift promised a new development when this book was written, so that one feels more than ever sorry that we shall have no more books from her wise and gentle heart and brain.

THE CAPTIVE SINGER. By Marie Bjelke Petersen. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Beginning among high society in London, this story takes you out into the wilds of Tasmania, and in those wonderful, unfamiliar surroundings unfolds a love romance that is as unusual as its environment. Justin Rees is not perhaps an ideal hero; he is the son of English aristocrats, but has disgraced himself at home and fled to Australia to hide his shame and conquer, if possible, the besetting weakness that threatens to ruin all his life. He has taken up a menial position in an Australian household, and there he is discovered by Iris Deane, who belongs to that London society he has deserted, knows something of his record, but had not met him before and does not suspect the identity his assumed name conceals. Iris and he are subtly drawn to each other, and the story is of how love redeemed him and gave him strength to rise finally out of his degradation and leave his dead, unworthy past for ever behind him. This happy end is not arrived at without difficulty, nor without thrilling adventures and experiences by the way. News travels home, and a resolute English rival of Justin's travels out to scheme against his hopes; and Justin's flaws of character are, for a while, his own worst enemies. The author adds a charm of personal magnetism to the inherent interest of her tale, and gives us, moreover, some very graphic and brilliant descriptions of Australian life and scenery. "The Captive Singer" should appeal irresistibly to the wide public that appreciates a good story. The photographic illustrations are excellent.

ENCHANTMENT. By E. Temple Thurston. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

Charles Stuart (what a name to conjure with) was one of those rare and fortunate people whose range of vision is limited, but wonderfully clear. All his life he knew what he wanted, and set about getting it with a singleness of aim which ensured success. And when he met Patricia Desmond at her first ball, he knew at once that he wanted her. But Pat had a vocation, and was destined for a convent unless, as she said, something arose so strong that she could not resist it. It was not a propitious opening for a love-affair, but Charles put his heart into the matter, played the highwayman, not for the first time either, and carried Patricia off by force. The scene of the story is laid in Ireland, that country of "beautiful nonsense." All the characters are as charming and unreasonable as one could wish—from the hard-drinking Squire who made a bargain with the Lord, and broke his part of the contract, down to Mrs. Slattery, the voluminous cook—and one reason why so many English people never go to Ireland is because they are afraid the Irish may not be so delightful as the novelists say. This vigorous tale of adventure is quite a new departure for Mr. Temple Thurston, and the result is very successful. "Enchantment" is likely to be a favourite with a wide circle of readers.

THE CINEMA STAR. By Clive Holland. 5s. net. (Grafton & Co.)

Told in simple, autobiographical fashion, this story sets forth the adventures of a clergyman's daughter, first as a mannequin in an Oxford-street draper's, and then as a cinema star with the Marvelograph Company. Life behind the scenes and in the cubicles of Ney and Wellington's, the Oxford-street establishment, is sketched in some detail, and all the little things that spell boredom and excitement, tears and laughter, for a West-end mannequin are faithfully mirrored in these pages. As a film heroine, Vera escapes from the stuffiness of Oxford Street to the sands of a Devonshire bay, where she plays the star part in a four-reel drama of South Pacific life! To the cinema star all things are possible, and Paris, New York, Los Angeles, are but milestones in Vera's varied career. The film "crowd" is excellently drawn, and one gets quite an affection for John Blossop, the genial Marvelograph producer. "The Cinema Star" is a novel that will give enjoyment to many.

THE PERILOUS CROSSWAYS. By J. S. Fletcher. 5s. net. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

The professions happily yield only a small crop of criminals. Occasionally counsel are disbarred, lawyers struck off the rolls, clergymen unfrocked or doctors disqualified for malpractices. But it has been said, and the survey of modern crime goes to uphold the theory, that once started, no one flings himself into crime with the same whole-hearted abandon as the medical man. Be that as it may, the casualties in this book are very heavy, for the author has drawn in Dr. Herbert Maury, a man whose path it was perilous to cross, as several people found to their cost. There is little attempt at character drawing: the book sets out to tell a story, weave a mystery, and then unravel it. The least convincing person is the bland, talkative detective, "Plump Partridge," perhaps because Sherlock Holmes has set a fashion in detectives which cannot be lightly set aside. Like most brilliant criminals the Doctor made one fatally foolish mistake, for which he paid to the full. In crime, as in war, *non licet bis peccare.*

THE WANE OF UXENDEN. By Margaret Legge. 6s. (Arnold.)

Miss Margaret Legge is sadly conscious of the changes which are rapidly taking place in the social life of this country—the gradual passing of the old county families, the domination of money over blood. Hermione Cheadle, a journalist, and a fine modern-spirited woman of exceptional ability, goes back to the home of her childhood after a tragedy has flung its shadow across her path. There she is confronted with the wreckage of a past age, where the members of an old stately family are drifting unresistingly and inevitably towards the extinction of their class. In the quiet haven of Uxenden she finds peace and strength to take up again the broken threads of her life. The author makes a good-natured attack on an eccentric phase of spiritualism and deals with the subject in a way that could not give offence even to those who do not share her scepticism. Comedy and drama are cleverly blended, and the ending, though unusual and unexpected, is perfectly consistent with Hermione's noble character.

THE CHIEF LEGATEE. By Anna Katharine Green. 5s. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

By no means reaching her customary high level of excellence, Anna Katharine Green, nevertheless, has contrived a story full of excitement. When it is stated that the first chapter tells of the mysterious disappearance of a bride immediately after the wedding ceremony, readers may justly anticipate a sensational sequel. Nor will they be disappointed. Every chapter produces some new development, and eventually the reader, whose interest is never for a moment allowed to flag, is utterly bewildered with the amazing tangle of events. Why the wife should so completely slip away from her husband, leaving scarcely a clue behind, is a problem which seems impossible to solve, and successfully baffles detective and lawyer alike. We must leave the reader to ascertain what actually befell her, and to learn of what is termed "The Cause," allegiance to which demanded absolute obedience, even the abandonment of all other earthly aims. If you commence to read "The Chief Legatee" you will not readily put it aside until you reach the last page.

HE LOOKED IN MY WINDOW. By Robert Halifax. 6s. (Chatto.)

There was something of a sensation in the family of Ruth Shadd (her father was employed at the gas works), for she had frankly declared that she had determined to get a husband somehow, and that if she brought home the "not impossible hes" she expected them to be civilly treated. There have already been two or three walkings-out that have failed, and Ruth Shadd is twenty-two and grimly determined not to be "left." The first she brings home is Bert Valentine, the self-indulgent, demonstrative lover, who is soon seen to mean nothing beyond his own amusement; then comes Archie Ferrars, the careful young man of twenty-four, who thinks that a walk in the fresh air of Barking streets is better than crowded places of entertainment—and holds out the prospect of six years of such before marriage. He is followed by the farcical Joe Jacobs, meat-market salesman by profession, vegetarian by taste. When we take leave of her she has at length come to the end of her quest—and the reader feels a little disappointed at not being told a little more of how it came about that she and the smart young provision merchant had arranged matters to their mutual satisfaction. It is a lively and entertaining book; the way in which the vampiric money-lender, Bulstrode, is made to provide the money to pay off a debt to himself is ingenious and diverting.

HAIDEE. By F. Horace Rose. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Every novelist has a kind of mental cupboard where he hoards ideas for future novels. Your prudent novelist—a miserly fellow—keeps his cupboard well stocked by feeding his readers on a scanty ration of one idea per novel; while unscrupulous authors have been known to satisfy their publishers with even less than this. Mr. F. Horace Rose goes to the other extreme. Into each of his novels he packs a whole cupboardful of ideas. His stories teem with incident, he is unstinting with his wealth of characters, and his plots are engineered on the grand scale. The fertility of imagination, the instinct for story-telling, that distinguished his audaciously planned prize novel "Golden Glory," happily show no signs of flagging vitality in his latest novel. "Haidee" is a story of love, political intrigue, and revenge; though love perhaps is scarcely the name for the madness that leads Olive Culmer to desert her true lover on the eve of their wedding and elope with the false Devilliers. The narrative of Olive's night ride with Devilliers through the thunderstorm to the place of her betrayal is an intensely poignant opening to a story that gathers in emotional force with every fresh villainy of Devilliers, until in a dramatic *dénouement* the sword of Justice falls and Olive is avenged. Set on a stage that gives some vivid glimpses of Johannesburg at the time of the Jameson raid, "Haidee" is a wonderfully moving story aglow with human interest from the first page to the last.

THE FOLLY OF INNOCENCE. By Holloway Horn. 5s. net. (Westall & Co.)

A very bright and well-written book is this, and an exceedingly good first novel. The characters (wisely limited to a few) are all very much alive, and the three leading characters are especially vividly and convincingly drawn. Norah O'Byrne is a type not usually met with in novels, or at least she is presented so sympathetically and with such insight that she seems unique. So many writers might have made her appear selfish and shallow.

XUM

Philip, the hero, although an uncommon character, is very real, and the reader will follow the career of this provincial youth who has come up to London to study medicine with intense interest. No less likeable (indeed, unlike Norah, we confess to a preference) is Wallace, a Bohemian "intellectual," with whom Philip has the good fortune to "dig." Yes, Wallace is a fine character, and we hope the good luck foreshadowed was his at last. In a sense this is a problem novel, at times even touching the fringe of the underworld, but never does it relate the merely sordid, and even unpleasant situations are handled in a clean and healthy way. The book should appeal strongly to readers interested in human nature generally and the modern woman in particular. Not the least of its charm is that it is a pre-war story.

THE CITADEL. By Cecilia Hill. With Introduction by Emile Cammaerts. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The most interesting passages in this very readable story are those associated with the war, and we may give the assurance to those who dislike "war novels" that they will miss much if they pass by "The Citadel," because it contains an account of the tragedy of Belgium. The story opens in the charming old town of Dinant, which is delightfully sketched by Miss Cecilia Hill's clever pen, and towards the end we are given a wonderfully vivid description of the siege and sack of the town by the Huns. Fine tribute to the author's skill and accuracy is paid in the Introduction by the famous Belgian poet, M. Cammaerts, and we entirely endorse his view that notwithstanding the assistance Miss Hill may have received from the records of Dinantois refugees and from her own intimate knowledge of the district, they would have been of small avail if her imagination had not been stirred by sincere sympathy. The story contains no trace of sensationalism, no morbid hankering, as M. Cammaerts observes, after ghastly scenes of torture and mutilation which do not rest on trustworthy testimony, and no empty imprecations against German barbarism. It is a most convincing and carefully written book.

NAOMI OF THE MOUNTAINS. By Christopher Culley. 6s. (Cassell.)

A capital cowboy yarn told in a fresh and full-blooded manner and culminating in a breathless fight as rapid and realistic as the most thrilling of film dramas. The girl Naomi lives with her father, a mad preacher, in a secluded ranch on the Mexican border—a happy hunting-ground for outlaws and sheriffs, to say nothing of Mexicans, half-breeds and the like. Redskin, a combination of cowboy, outlaw, and cattle-rustler, makes an engaging hero and an excellent foil for Naomi's other lover, a shiftless but very human Englishman whose habit of running away from jobs lands him eventually into a precarious partnership with the redoubtable Redskin. The author has captured all the popular elements of the Wild West, and the result is a story that should appeal to a wide public.

The Bookman's Table.

DAYS OF DISCOVERY. By Bertram Smith. 4s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

Reading "Days of Discovery" is very like looking into a magic mirror and catching glimpses of your own past, and brings you to suspect that boys must have much more in common with each other than have men; their habits and customs are primitive, they all belong to the same tribe, and it is only later as they develop and adopt differing habits and customs and trades and outlooks that they split up into camps and become estranged from one another. They are, as Mr. Bertram Smith suggests, the true barbarians, and "the upbringing and development of a small boy are comparable to the progress of the race from the chaos of dark ages to the ordered existence of to-day." And in thirty entertaining chapters he justifies that proposition. Written with a delightfully whimsical humour, it is not a book for boys though it is all about them; they would not see the fun of it. To enjoy it to the full you must have left your boyhood behind and half-forgotten, then as you turn from page to page it is like turning over the leaves of your private memories and seeing the little adventures, escapades, excitements, disasters, hopes and fearful joys of long ago in a new light, no longer as the intensely serious matters they seemed at the time, but as things that, even while they make you wistfully conscious of the change that has come over you, move you to sympathetic laughter. There has been no book so steeped in the spirit and inspired by the recollections and the intimate understanding of boyhood since C. S. Evans's "Nash and Some Others," but it handles the theme freshly, with a manner and charm and quaint humour that are distinctively its own. It is a book such as either Lamb or Stevenson might have written, and such as both of them would have joyed to read.

MUD AND KHAKI: Sketches from Flanders and France. By Vernon Bartlett. 3s. 6d. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

It is a noteworthy thing that so many men who have been through parts of that long agony of civilisation which we have come to call Armageddon, have, for one reason or another, been moved to write about it; and not only to write about it, but to do so with, as it were, something of the flippancy inherent in fiction. Mr. Vernon Bartlett, it is true, tells us prefatorily that he was moved to write his book by hearing a young, fit and single man grumble about the hardships of his "funk-hole" in England and, incidentally, belittle the hardships of the man at the front. Well, the preface of a book is, in the vast majority of cases, the last portion which its author writes, and the nature of the parts of this volume makes us think that the introductory words are to be taken rather in a general sense than at the very foot of the letter. *Any* straightforward account of things at the front should suffice to shame any funk-hole grumbler into silence, even though it failed to shame him into the recruiting office. And Mr. Bartlett's volume is by no means a mere description of things at the front; it is a series of capital sketches and stories that serve to indicate something of the physical hardships that our soldiers have to undergo, and incidentally to reveal something of the wonderful spirit of self-sacrifice and good-humour in combination with which those hardships are faced. It is capital and heartening reading.

A FIGHT TO A FINISH, and Other Songs of Peace. By S. Gertrude Ford. 3d. net. (C. W. Daniel, Ltd.)

Miss S. Gertrude Ford's little book of poems, the outpourings of a heart that yearns for peace, and maintains through all a deep-rooted faith in humanity and in the ultimate victory of religion, is a refreshing contribution to the miscellaneous publications occasioned by the war, and leaves in its wake a quiet spirit of hope and consolation. The poems are characterised by their musical charm and the pure sincerity which inspires them. It is difficult to select a best out of the one and twenty comprising this little volume, but the modest cost of the book places it within reach of us all, and admirers of Miss Ford's work will not be slow to secure a copy. Perhaps one of the most virile in the collection is "Who is the Enemy?":

"Fight we a People? Past the men who fought us,
Men drilled to come whenever tyrants call,
Behold the many who no ill have wrought us,
Mothers and maids and children small!

"Blinded their warriors, bound with spells fast woven
By haters of their freedom; yet shall these,
Heirs still to Goethe, Heine and Beethoven,
Be Truth's once more, and Liberty's?

"Who lifts the sword? Not nation against nation,
But rulers against rulers; war lords here
With war lords there, lest world-wide federation
The world should weld, the way should clear.

" O woman, maker of man! You wrest from no man
Life, for life's cost by you is paid and priced—
Teach men to see a friend in every foeman,
For Cain, World-Mother, give us Christ!"

A STUDENT IN ARMS. Second Series. By Donald Hankey. With Biographical Sketch and Portrait. 5s net. (Melrose.)

To a very wide circle of readers the appearance of this book will be a source of lively satisfaction and delight, and these feelings will be intensified by its perusal. The earlier volume bearing this title was generally hailed as one of the most remarkable literary products of the war, but its reading left acute regret that nothing more was to come from a writer of such high accomplishment. And this is no gathering of fragments, but a volume of essays and sketches worthy of the gallant dead. They touch on many sides of the soldier's life, its glamour, its temptations, its pathos, its humour, and all alike are informed with Donald Hankey's rare chivalry and common sense. Apart from their outstanding literary qualities—including the highest of all, a strong simplicity—the essays owe their arresting interest to their author's special circumstances. A trained soldier and then a clergyman, he rejoined the army as a volunteer, and he writes of what he saw with a remarkable blending of professional insight and civilian independence of thought. The present volume would have been welcome alone for the sake of its delightful memoir. This, though obviously a labour of love, called for high literary skill, and it is a pleasure to bear witness to its fine tact and felicity. The memoir is worthy of the book and rises to its great occasion.

WAR'S ECHO. By Ronald Gurner. 1s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

In this book Mr. Gurner writes of his own experiences. His modesty makes his volume very attractive and gives it real value. He says: "But it is hoped that perhaps those who are alone competent to judge of this war, those who know its monotony and terror, and also its unforgettable moments of rest, achievement, or exaltation, may find in these poems some record of the feelings that they themselves have known." There is a note of dignity and melancholy, yet a fearless facing of the actual, with no touch of repining or regret. We should like to give many quotations, but must content ourselves with the following, from "A Prayer to F. S.":

" It shall not break our friendship's bond,
This warfare that our nations wage,
Although we cannot turn the page
And read the hidden truths beyond.

" It may be nations will forget,
And some repent, and some forgive,
It may be memories will live,
And hatred keep us sundered yet.

" These things God knows alone—but I
The English-born, say now to you
That friendship lives, be it but true,
Unchanging, as the years go by."

WOMEN WAR WORKERS. By Representative Workers. With a Foreword by Lady Jellicoe. Edited by Gilbert Stone. 3s. 6d. net. (Harrap.)

There is a special interest attaching to the appearance of such a book as "Women War Workers" at the present time, when once again the subject of Women's Suffrage is before Parliament; though indeed the editor claims in his preface that the book is written for the purpose of placing "before the public a microcosmography in which woman replaces man," and that it contains no trace of party politics whatever, for women have taken up their share of war-work "with no ulterior motives," but simply to do their bit to help their country in her hour of need. Nevertheless, the book is specially opportune—lest we forget. It has a Foreword by Lady Jellicoe, and the various chapters are written by representative workers at the work done by women in the "more important branches of war employment." It is an inspiring book, well written throughout, and illustrated with some interesting photographs.

"A delightful volume. . . . It is sometimes said in praise of a book that it is as pleasant to read as a novel. This book is much pleasanter. We seldom read every word of a novel. We have read every word of this book."—*Nation.*

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